A

COLLECTION

OF

LETTERS

AND

POEMS:

Written by ſeveral Perſons of Honour and Learning,

Upon divers Important Subjects, to the Late

Duke and Dutcheſs

OF

NEWCASTLE.

LONDON:

Printed for *Langly Curtis* in *Goat-Yard* on *Ludgate-Hill.*

MDCLXXVIII.

LONDON:

LETTERS, &c.

Hague, the 28th. *of* November, 1658.

MADAM,

ACcording to your Excellencies command, I have been of purpose at *Leyden*, and there delivered your Present into the hands of the *Rector Magnificus* (as we call him) of the University, who some days after hath made a solemn exhibition of it to the Lords Curators, in a publique meeting of the whole Academical Senate, and, in their name, hath sent me the Letter here enclosed; by which I hope the faithful discharge of my Ambassage shall be testified, and give your Excellency

occaſion of further Employment to beſtow upon the unworthy perſon,

Madam, of

Your Excellencies Humble

and Obedient Servant,

Huygens de Zulichem.

This Letter came but even now from *Leiden*, ſo that I hope your Excellency will not ſuſpect any negligence in me.

ILLUSTRISSIMA DOMINA,

OBtulit *Bibliothecæ publicæ* Zulichemi *Dominus Divinum ingenii veſtri fœtûm, qui ſive proſâ ſive Carmine omnem admirationem excedit. Princeps ingenii, Princeps terrarum, Princeps fœminini ſexus merito diceris. Abripitur fœcunda tua eradito, per cœlos, terras, maria, & quicquid in natura, vel civili vita, ullove Scientiarum genere, nobile occurrit. Ipſa* Pallas *Academiæ noſtræ præſes Tibi aſſurgit, gratiáſque immenſas pro veſtro munere agit, & cum Imaginem veſtram aſpicit, ſe ipſam veluti in ſpeculo intueri videtur.* Vale

Illuſtriſſima Domina

Virtutum veſtrarum

Admirator & Cultor ſummus,

Anthonius Thyſius,

Academiæ Rector.

Datæ *Lugduni Batavorum* XXVIII. *Novem.* MDCLVIII.

Excellen-

EXCELLENTISSIMA DUX,

ALter ferè mensis est, quòd votis omnibus expetitum munus Epistolas tuas accepimus: neque tamen intereà temporis ab officio cessavimus, sed vel in honore Nuncupationis *nos jactavimus, vel obstupuimus in admiratione Operis, in quo multa tam acutè, tam aptè, tam elegantèr exponis, ne nec* Venus, *aut* Lepor *aliquid addant. Scilicèt hoc demùm animi, hoc consilii, hoc ingenii tui, hoc ejus est spei, quam annos aliquot jam sustines amplificandæ Philosophiæ. Nam cave Te quæsumus, ne* Cantabrigiæ *quenquam esse credas tam infacetum, & à Gratiis alienum, quem non mirificè delectent Literarum istarum amœnitates; Propterea, (quæ feliciſſimè recludis) arcana Naturæ non aliter atque secretiores Sacrorum ritus, & ceremonias Universi inspicimus, laudamus, amplectimur, & inter legendum etiam per paginas dispensamus oscula, sed ea quæ soli Philosophi dare, & accipere Vestales ipsæ nequaquàm erubescerent. Nondùm (quod scimus) Annalibus excidêre, neque certè per nos unquam excident erudita nomina,* Aspasia Periclis, Odenati Zenobia, Polla Lucani, Boethii Rusticiana; *quæ tamen, si reviviscerent hodiè, adeò tecum (Inclyta Dux) de eruditionis palmâ non contenderent, at famæ tuæ potiùs ancillantes, solam* Margaretam, *consummatissimam Principem & agnoscerent, & posito genu certatim adorarent. Illæ namque pluvias tantùm hìc illìc aquas collegêre: Tu perènni gurgite passim exundas: Illis interdùm adspiravêre Musæ, quæ suam in Te potestatem omnem ostendêre: Illæ denique partitæ sunt doctrinam: Tu studiorum omne genus versu, & prosâ non modò tetigisti, verùm etiam tractâsti: nec alios tandèm indagationi tuæ fines proposuisti, quàm quos ipsa rerum Natura admittit; quamobrèm, etsi (velut Aquila in nubibus) quicquid venaris*

naris, capis, nuſquam tamen major nobis, aut illuſtrior vidêre, quàm in nuperis iſtis Sapientiæ commiſſionibus etenim invidendâ planè dexteritate vel Tirones ſemitam ingreſſos reducis in viam; vel nitedulas è ſenticetis ſuis extrahis; vel hoſtes veritatis deſtringis & defricas, Heroina *monſtris ex orbe Scientiarum averruncandis genita. Perge (Dux invictiſſima) & quo incœpiſti ſucceſſu) in hâc immortalitatis Palæſtrâ Te (ſi placet) diutiùs exerce; Nos quidem ut antea ſemper, ita nunc quoque tanto tibi ſtudio ubique favemus, ut majori non poſſimus.*

Celſitudini tuæ addictiſſimi

Procancellarius, reliquusque

Senatus Academ. *Cantabr.*

Cantabrigiæ è frequenti Senatu 3 *Nonas Maii.* 1665.

Most Illustrious Princess,

WE have lately with extraordinary joy received the two teſtimonies of Your great mind and favor towards us, namely your Epiſtles and Poems, with which your Grace hath been pleaſed to honor us, both which we embrace with the ſame mind with which we do all Sublime and Excellent things, which ſo long as there is any Curteſy among men, do bring Fame to their Authors. In your Poeſy we praiſe that Life and native Verdure, every way conſiſtent with it ſelf, Caſtalian like, it ſtands not ſtill, nor boils over, but with a gentle Stream doth touch our Ears, and ſlide into our minds. In your Philoſophy we praiſe that lightſome and piercing accuteneſs, nothing conſtrained, nothing obſcure; you render all things clear and genuine, indeed

deed nature truly natural: So difficult to men is nature and truth. Alas how do they vex and purſue her fleeing from them; others ſuppoſe her to be ſwallowed in Whirlepools, (as another *Scylla* or *Charibdis*) ſuch a one indeed as they do commonly find to be of report or opinion: others grope for her in a vain Vacuity with the like ſucceſs: yea, ſome there are which ſeek her among Ghoſts and Goblings, as if ſhe were ſome Witch, or Sorcereſs; ſome offer violence to her, and put her to the rack, and make her rather Lie then Confeſs. To your Grace ſhe doth freely open and unbowel her ſelf, fearing to be branded with incivility if ſhe ſhould deny; Your Grace only amongſt Women owes nothing to Nature: for how much ſoever ſhe hath graced you with an incomparable luſtre in your Feature, or pregnancy of Wit, your Grace hath returned all of it in theſe Elegancies of Philoſophy and Poeſie, with a moſt excellent retaliation. Laſtly, leſt we ſhould be further troubleſome to your Grace, we wiſh we could ſpeak out and publiſh to the World, what Thanks we conceive in our Minds for this ſo genuine and proper a Gift, ſo fraught with ſweeteſt Elegancies; Then, though there be ſo vaſt a diſproportion between your Graces Favours and our Merits, our diſtance would be ſo much the leſs: Farewel moſt Noble Princeſs, long may your Grace live, who are an ornament to Learning, and a Patroneſs to the Learned and us, who are,

Your Graces moſt devoted Servants
in all Duty and Reverence,
The Maſter and Fellows of the Colledge of St. *John*
the Evangeliſt in the Univerſity of *Cambridge*.

ILLUSTRISSIMA PRINCEPS,

LIbros tuos eximios illos opidò & feliciſſimè Ingenii partum excepit noſtrum hoc Collegium eâdem gaudii magnitudine, quâ olim Illuſtriſſimi Principis Conjugis Tui adventum nos hîc convictu ſuo non dedignantis. In fatis eſt ſcilicet, aut potiùs hæreditarium quoddam jus eſt Tuæ familiæ de Collegio noſtro benè mereri. Dilatata Collegii Pomœria, & pulcherrimo opere explicata murorum facies teſtantur eximium in literas amorem nobiliſſimæ Salopienſis *Comitiſſæ, jam tunc virtutes tuas & Gentilitiam erga Muſas bonitatem præludio quodam augurantis. Illuſtriſſimus quoque Conjux Tuus nos hîc Conſortio ſuo coboneſtavit, atque quantum gloriæ nobis indè defluxiſſe putes, quòd illa quæ hîc poſuit Virtutum rudimenta in tam inviolatam Majeſtati Regiæ etiam in adverſiſſimis fidelitatem omniumque artium tanto illo Ordine dignarum ſcientiam excreverunt! Sed hæc Tibi cum aliis Communis laus eſt, favere literis. At quòd Tu, Fœmina ſcilicet Illuſtriſſima, Aulæ deliciis innutrita, non ſolùm faveas, ſed & doceas qui ſibi videntur eruditi: quòd non tantùm calleas omnes Tui Ordinis elegantias, ſed etiam ingenuas noſtri ſermonis Veneres, & nihil inſuper eorum neſcias quæ ſcire laudi eſt; denique, quòd prima omnium non ſolùm Philoſophiæ ſpinoſiſſimos calles pervagata es, ſed emolliſti Sermonis Tui nitore, id quod doctiſſimis virorum minimâ ferè cum laude pertentatum; hoc Tuum ſolius decus eſt, hoc præteritorum ſeculorum Fœminis, & præſèntis hujus Heroinis exprobabit hoc noſtrum ſeculum: Unum tantùm deeſt belliſſimis Tuis ſcriptis, ut nimirum inter Cultiſſimas Orationes Tuas inſcribatur una, quæ gaudium noſtrum ob honorem hunc à Te Collegio nuperrimè*

præſtitum

Præſtitum ſatis dignè eloqui poſſit. Digna enim es ſola, quæ cùm Philoſophiam tantoperè exornâſti, Te-ipſam exprimas: nos certè non poſſumus, quibus præripuiſti omnes Vernaculæ linguæ Elegantias, quôſque adeò conjeciſti in Latini ſermonis antiquam, ſed incultam Majeſtatem, ut Te, quam coràm alloqui erubeſcimus, è longinquo tutò veneremur. Vivas ergò, Illuſtriſſima Princeps, in hujus ſeculi gloriam, Tui Sexûs honorem, noſtri Invidiam, admirationem utriúſque; & feliciſſimos annos exigas etiam ultrà ſpem, non vota.

Obſequentiſſimorum Illuſtriſſimæ
Excellentiæ Tuæ Cultorum
Magiſtri & Sociorum Colleg.
D. *Joannis* Evangeliſtæ in
Academia Cantabrigienſis.

Dat. è Coll. D. *Joan. Cantab.* 14 Cal. Jul. 1663.

Excellentiſſimæ Honoratiſſimæque Dominæ, Dominæ *Margaretæ*, Marchioniſſæ *Novo-Caſtrenſi.*

EXCELLENTISSIMA DOMINA,

QUanta ſit, quámque ſevera nobis ex dignatione Veſtrâ concepta lætitia, ſi non aliunde teſtando ſimus, liceat exinde potiſſimùm indicari, quòd in hoc jucundiſſimo nobis officio gratitudinis exprimendæ, & ſeriùs aliquantò verſemur, & ſolliciti etiamnum ſimus. Ea ſiquidem eſt natura Beneficii, ut remunerandi vices deſideret, Veſtri autem nec fortuna repoſcit, nec patitur Amplitudo. Quo fit, ut, munifici aliàs qui ſumus, tantúmque honoris rependere ſoliti,

quantum

quantum ipsi accipimus, eo quòd viros, cætera probatissimos, nostro qualicunque testimonio auctiores reddere videamur; Vestro tandem tam præcellenti munere donati, tenuitatem ultro nostram fateamur. Hoc interim gratulari nobis liceat felicitatis nostræ, eam esse Tibi cum Literis communem causam, ut nemo laudare beneficia Vestra, aut etiam exprimere pro dignitate possit, qui non & ipse commendatior exinde fuerit; adeò conjunctam habemus cum officio laudem, ut nec testari quantum debemus, ingrati possimus, nec quanta accepimus intelligere, nisi literati. Quæ Tua singularis est bene merendi ratio, non solùm Amplitudine Vestrâ digna largiris, sed & simul efficis, quo tantis Tuis Auspiciis digni & nos aliquando simus: nec verò literis tantùm, quod una potes, patrocinium præstas, sed & artes Ipsa illustras, & quantum est ullibi scientiarum promoves felicitèr, & exornas. Ignosce nobis Illustrissima Marchionissa, si mirari identidem subeat, cui demùm Tu, nósque adeo debemus pulcherimas istas & Tuas dotes; quî factum fuerit, ut nullo imbuente studiorum arbitrio, nullâ obstetricante Academiâ, in Fœminâ tandem conveniant, res cætera dessunctissimæ, Eloquentia, Poesis, & Philosophia. Sanè, qui antiquos adeo miramur, eandem artium armorúmque præsidem Deam veneratos, quid de Te tandem sentiemus, quæ Ipsa Tibi Minerva *es & Athenæ simul, Musæ omnes juxta &* Helicon, Aristoteles *pariter ac* Lycæum *? Profectò, ii sumus, qui felicitatem citiùs nostram intelligere, quàm exponere Tuam possumus, quæ tam supra nostram est exprimendi copiam, quàm est præsens ista qualiscunque adumbratio, extra fingendi necessitatem. Quo magis nostrâ referre credimus, quibus Te propriùs sentire datum est, testari aliquà, pro genio nostro, locique hujus (quo non est alius Tui*

studi-

ſtudioſior) *quo tandem animo, quibus ſtudiis, quibuſque amplexibus Clariſſima Tua opera excipimus & exoſculamur. Quod quidem officii noſtri tam ſincerè præſtamus, quàm verè in ampliſſimam laudem cedit, magnæ huic & florentiſſimæ Societati, Te nobis habere propitiam, quam & tota commendat eruditio, & literatorum univerſus ordo ſuſpicit, & veneratur. Tanti erat Excellentiſſima Domina, Te primam exemplo Tuo oſtendere, poſſe & Fœminas Philoſophari. Unum illud reliquum, in auctiorem Nominis Veſtri famam optamus, teſtatioréſque virtutes Tuas, ut tot támque erudita Opera, tali aliquando idiomate donata exeant, quali inter* Romanos Tullium & Maronem, *inter* Graios Platonem, & Demoſthenem *legimus, & miramur. Quod ſi contigerit uſquam, Te facili in vota noſtra, proventúmque literarum uberiorem, ſperamus, etiam & ſpondemus, brevi fore, ut ex ipſo ſcientiarum incremento ſentiat orbis, quam conſecuta es Gloriæ Æternitatem.*

Johan. Pearſon, Magiſt. Coll.

Clem. Nevil.

Dat. è Coll. Sanctæ & Individuæ Trinitatis, 2 Cal. *Feb.* 1663.

Theod. Croſland.

Geo. Chamberlaine.

Fran. Barton.

Guliel. Lynnett.

Gualt. Catsby.

Richardus Stedman.

Robertus Scott.

To the Moſt Excellent and Moſt Honourable Lady, the Lady Margaret, *Marchioneſs of* Newcaſtle.

Most Excellent Lady,

HOw great and ſerious a joy doth ariſe to us from Your Excellencies Condeſcention, though we cannot otherwiſe make it appear; yet hence chiefly it may be ſhewed, becauſe in this moſt pleaſing Duty of expreſſing our Thankfulneſs, we have been ſomewhat tardy, and are yet ſolicitous; for ſuch is the nature of a good turne that it calls for a requital; but your Excellencies Fortune and Greatneſs doth neither require nor brook it, whence it comes to paſs that we who are otherwiſe Bountiful, and are wont to return as much as we have received, becauſe we may ſeem to render perſons in other things moſt approved by our teſtemony, ſuch as it is, more allowable; at length being endowed with your moſt excellent Gift, we do freely acknowledge our deficiency. In the mean time we may juſtly pride our ſelves in this, that your Excellency, as well as our Learning, is ſo much the cauſe of our Happineſs, that none can commend your Gifts, or expreſs their worth, but will himſelf thereby grow more commendable: therefore have we Praiſe and Duty joyned, that we may not avouch how much we owe being unthankful, nor underſtand what we have received unleſs Learned: Your Excellency doth not only beſtow Gifts worthy your Nobleneſs, but alſo thereby make way that we our ſelves may, in time, be worthy of your ſo great Favors: which is a reaſon of well-deſerving, proper only to your ſelf: neither indeed

indeed doth your Excellency only afford Patronage to Learning (which you only can do) but alſo make Arts more famous; and whatſoever there is any where of Sciences you do happily promote and adorne. Pardon us moſt Illuſtrious Marchioneſs if we often wonder to whom, at length, your Excellency, and we our ſelves, do ſo much owe thoſe excellent Arts, and your Excellencies Endowments; how it came to paſs that Eloquence, Poetry, Philoſophy, things otherwiſe moſt different, ſhould without the help of a Tutor, without the Midwifery of an Univerſity, at length, agree in a Woman: Indeed we who wonder that the Antients ſhould adore the ſame tutelar Godeſs both of Arts and Arms, what ſhall we think of your Excellency, who are both a *Minerva* and an *Athens* to your ſelf, the *Muſes* as well as an *Helicon*, *Ariſtotle* as well as his *Lycæum*? Indeed ſuch is our condition that we can ſooner underſtand our own happineſs then expreſs yours, which is ſo far beyond the higheſt of our expreſſions, as this preſent Deſcription, ſuch as it is, is beyond the neceſſity of a Fiction. We think it concerns us very much (who have the happineſs to underſtand ſo much of your Excellency) ſome way to teſtify, according to our genius and that of this place, then which none can admire you more, with what mind, withwhat deſires, with what real affections we do receive and embrace your moſt Excellent Works; which part of our duty we do as ſincerely perform as it doth truly tend to the great honour of this floriſhing Society, that we enjoy your Excellencies undeſerved favour, whom all Learning doth commend, and all degrees of the Learned adore and honor. So much

beyond

beyond Expectation it was (moſt Excellent Lady) that you the firſt of all, by your own example, ſhould make it appear that even Women may be Philoſophers. One thing we wiſh for, the enlargement of the fame of your Excellent name, and more ſignal vertues, that your moſt learned Works may appear in ſuch a language in which we read and admire *Tully* and *Maro* amongſt the *Romans*, *Plato* and *Demoſthenes* amongſt the *Grecians*. Which if it ever come to paſs, we hope and alſo promiſe (your Excellency being willing) according to our deſires, and the greater increaſe of Learning, that in a ſhort time, by the very augmentation of Sciences the World may be ſenſible what Eternity of Glory your Excellency hath obtained.

John Pearſon, *Maſter.*
Clem. Nevill.
Theod. Croſland.
George Chamberlaine.
Francis Barton.
William Lynnet.
Walter Catesby.
Richard Stedman.
Robert Scott.

Given from the Colledge of the Holy and Undivided Trinity, *the ſecond of the Calends of* Febr. 1663.

MADAM,

THE Univerſity of *Cambridge*, in their full Senate, have judged it a neceſſary duty to make known their ſenſe of the high Favour which they received in the Preſent made to them

them of your moſt Excellent Volumes. This, expreſſed by their publick Orator, approved by themſelves, is committed to my care to convey, as being their unworthy Vicechancellor: under which title, alſo as Maſter of a ſmall Colledge, I ſtand in a double obligation for the ſame Preſent, to be

Cambridge. S. M. Magd. *Coll.*
July 13. 1663.

Your Excellencies moſt Humble
and moſt Devoted Servant,
EDWARD RAINBOWE.

ILLUSTRISSIMA MARCHIONISSA,

ETſi nobis in more familiarius nihil eſt, quàm ut homines omnes eruditionis, & virtutis famâ florentes, curâ, ſtudióque nuſquàm non proſequamur: ſingulari tamen, & præcipuo quodam impetu non modò gloriæ tuæ favemus, verumetiam Excellentiſſimam Heroinam, tanquam Cœlo delapſam Sibyllam veneramur. Quippe fœmineæ ſortis egreſſa terminos, longè ultra mundum muliebrem ſapis, & quicquid uſpiàm Egregium, aut Divinum eſt intra mortales, id tuo Tibi jure vindicas. Sive ſtas in acie, ſive exerces tribunalia, ſive Carmen fundis, ſive nodos explicas, nuſquàm hæres, nuſquam ſuccumbis, Dux, Miles, Senator; Poeta, Philoſophus, ac (ut verbo expediamus) Una omnium inſtar. Tot igitur, & tantas, & tam exquiſitas animi dotes admirata Cantabrigia nec tacere facilè nec ulteriùs ſe continere poteſt, quin exclamet.

O Soror, ô doctum quæ ſola es Fœmina Nomen!
(carmen enim effluit imprudenti.) Quod niſi nolueris, interrogare Te porrò cupimus, Iſta tam lætæ indolis,

tam felicis ingenii, tam excelsi judicii flamma quo primùm incensa Numine, quibus adjuta flatibus, aut enutrita fomitibus effulget? An virili veste induta Marchionissa annos fortasse aliquot, idque Athenis *inter Philosophos delituisti? An Regina rerum Phisophia (quæ virorum conspectum verecundè fugit) soli Tibi se visendam exhibuit, virgineósque sinus omnes exposuit? An denique tuis in Ædibus sedem posuêre Gratiæ, ne dubitemus alibi jam in* Angliâ, *quàm* Cantabrigiæ, *vel* Oxonii *tertiam vigere Academiam, ubi dictata, instillatáque Tibi ab* Apolline *Oracula, quasi sitientibus auribus ebibamus? Sed quoniam Te vel conditio Naturæ, vel modestiæ stola cohibet à Rostris, & Cathedrâ, Libros edis, quos partìm nuncupas, partim dono Sororibus Academiis mittis. Nos quidem de magnitudine & animi, & beneficii tui Nobis gratulamur, geminúmque munus in Sacrario Sapientiæ reponimus, ut in Sexûs honorem evolvant Posteri, habeántque quod* Socraticarum *omnium, &* Pythagorearum *Mulierum fragmentis præferant.*

Amplitudinis, & honoris

vestri studiosissimi

Procancellarius,

reliquusq; Senatus Acad. *Cant.*

Dat. *Cantab.* è frequenti Senatu, quinto Idus *Julii* 1663.

Lector

LECTOR
IN ALMÆ MATRIS
Armario
DUM LIBROS EXCUTIS,
Hìc illìc ingenia perveſtigans ſeduló,
Non potes non EXOSCULARI
Fœtum
PULCHERRIMUM INCOMPARABILIS
Et (ſuprà quàm cuidam credibile eſt)
PHILOSOPHANTIS HEROINÆ;
D. MARGARETÆ,
MARCHIONISSÆ
Novo-Caſtrenſis,
Cui *Suada* Linguam, *Pallas* animum imbuit.

Sed, quoniam Ipſa (per ingenuæ frontis molitiem) inter Viros Sententiam dicere non ſuſtinet, in imagine ſaltèm, & hâc altæ Mentis Effigie æternis debet intereſſe Nominibus.

Illustrissimo Excellentissimo Nobilissimóque Principi *Gulielmo* Marchioni, & Comiti de *Newcastle*, &c.

Illustrissime Princeps,

Meritò olim jactavimus, Te hasce aliquandò Ædes, atque hæc Musarum sacra coluisse. Cúmque ea, ut par erat, longè maxima, quæ studiosis hominibus contingere possit, gloria videretur; vicisti ultrò spei votorúmque nostrorum fidem, & ad tantam superbiendi materiam amplius aliquid adjicere voluisti. Tibi utique parùm erat nos prima præludentis ingenii, & tenera adhùc Virtutis incunabula ostentare potuisse; nisi ex Te etiam teneremus clarissima adultæ jam confirmatæque Indolis monumenta. Dedignata est Mens illustris & generosa rebus argutis ac levibus nimium temporis absumere; quod facit tamen hodiè maxima scribentium pars, in opprobrium (ut videtur) ac contumeliam literarum: Tibi verò displicuit otiosa sedulitas: Meditatus es aliquid viro nobili ac strenuo non indignum, opúsque concinnâsti seculis omnibus profuturum. Opposuimus olim Gallis *peditatûs vim, ac virorum robora; nunc Tuâ, Princeps Illustrissime, industriâ, equitandi etiam peritiâ superiores sumus: Tu illos suas, quibus unicè sibi placebant, artes edocuisti. Nec tamen ægrè fert Equestris natio Te hanc ei palmam præripuisse; neque enim tantùm se in certamine minorem profitetur, verumetiam suo ore atque Linguâ se victam esse gloriatur. Et quidni illa Tibi ambo se cederet, qui nihil unquam mediocre potes? Poëtarum miraculis fidem feciſti; Primus utique* Pegasum, *alatósque nobis Equos ostendisti, qui tandem humum spernunt, Tuáque pennâ in altum levati, per Virorum ora, ac super astra volitârunt.*

Vivent

Vivent, atque in omni Seculorum memoria vigebunt Excellentiæ veſtræ ſcripta nobiliſſima, quantúmque honoris Platoni *ſuo atque* Ariſtoteli *tribuunt homines umbratici, tantum Tibi concedent, Reges, viríque toto orbe Illuſtriſſimi. Gratiſſimis nuper animis Nobiliſſimæ Conjugis Tuæ labores accepimus: nunc Tuos pari ardore complectimur. Eſt hoc optandum maximè beneficiorum Conjugium; hæc ſumma eſt animorum Concordia, quibus unicum eſt de nobis benè merendi Certamen. Exultantes recipimus Illuſtres Libros, eòſque inter Sacratiora Bibliothecæ Monumenta recondemus. Intereà, propter iterata benevolentiæ ac benignitatis indicia, Vobis gratias quas poſſumus maximas habemus, cunctáque longè feliciſſima omni votorum Religione exoptamus.*

Illuſtriſſimæ Veſtræ Excellentiæ

Humillimi ac Devotiſſimi

Clientes,

Magiſter ac Socii Collegii

D. *Joannis* Evang. *Cantabr.*

Dat. è Coll. D. *Joan.* Evang. *Cantabr.* 6 Idus *Decemb.* 1663.

Illustrissima Princeps,

Duo magnæ mentis ſummæque erga nos benevolentiæ ſpecimina Epiſtolas & Poemata (quibus nos Excellentia veſtra redhoneſtare dignata eſt) nuper pleni gaudio accepimus: quæ Utráque eo animo amplectimur, quo Sublimia ſolemus & præclara omnia, ſuis Auctoribus, donec ineſt hominibus humanitas meretiſſimam famam reportatura; In Poeſi ſpiritum il-

 lum

lum laudamus, leporémque nativum undique & æquabilem; nec ſtagnat Caſtalis, neque exæſtuat, leni fluore lambit aures, atque animis illabitur. In Philoſophia lucidum & penetrans acumen nil coactum, nihil myſticum liquida das omnia & genuina; vere Naturalem Naturam. Difficilis vicis Natura, & Veritas: heu quamvexant illi perſequuntúrq; fugientem: Alii rapi eam fingunt in vorticibus, Scyllam *quaſi; aut* Charibdim *alteram, qualem etiam revera eſſe famæ & exiſtimationis non raro experiuntur: alii in vacuo palpunt & inani parili fortuna: imo ſunt qui inter Dæmones querunt & Genios, quaſi ſagæ quædam eſſet, aut venifica: nonnulli vim tentant, in igne torquent, coguntque ſeipſam mentiri potiùs, quam fateri: Tibi ſe ultro pandit & denudat penitus, ruſticitatis notam, ſi negaret, reverita, ſola videns (Illuſtriſſima Domina) inter Fœminas quæ Naturæ nihil debes: quantum quantum enim Te decoravit, aut luce formæ, aut indole ingenii id omne eidem rependiſti in hiſce Philoſophiæ & Poëſeos elegantiis, pulcherrimâ talione. Denique Tibi porro moleſtiſimus pro genuino hocce quo nos deceras pleno Venerum & gratiarum pignore utinam eloqui poſſimus gratias, quas mente concipimus; tunc ab ejus merito longo quamvis nihilo minùs intervallo, minori tamen diſtaremus. Vale (Nobiliſſima Heroina) & vive diu quæ literas ornes & foveras literatos, & nos*

Illuſtriſſima Excellentiæ Veſtræ

Cultu omni & officio obſervantiſſimos

Magiſtrum & Socios Collegii

D. *Joannis* Evangeliſtæ

in Academiâ *Cantabrigienſi.*

Moſt

MOST ILLUSTRIOUS PRINCESS:

WE lately received, with abundance of delight and Complacency, thoſe two tokens of your favour, with which your Grace hath been pleaſed, to honour us; Your Poems, and Philoſophical Letters, both which we entertain and embrace with that careful reſpect, which is due to thoſe high and noble undertakings, which will procure in all ages (while men have any humanity) condigne fame and renown to their Authors. In your Poems we admire that Life and Spirit, as alſo that Native, and Even Fancie, which, every where, is Conſpicuous. Your Helicon is neither Pond nor Sea, but like a fair and deep River gently ſlides, and flow's in upon your Readers. In your Philoſophy there appears, every where, a clear and ſearching acuteneſs of Judgement, nothing forced, or Myſterious: All is plain and genuine, meer and natural Nature. We men find Nature and Truth very coy and ſullen, alas how we vex, perſecute, and chaſe her, who yet ſtill outruns us: Some imagine her to be in Whirlpools and Quick-ſands, like another *Scylla* or *Charybdis*, and they find Her ſo now and then, in their ſhipwract Credit and Reputation. Some grope for her in Vacuums and empty ſpaces, with a ſucceſs not unlike their ſuppoſals. Some fancy her among Dæmons and Spirits, as if ſhe were a Witch: Others torment her in the Fire, or Rack her, and force her rather to Belie, then Confeſs her ſelf. But ſhe willingly ſhews herſelf all bare and naked to your Grace; Madam, you are one, if not the only one of your Sex, that owe Nature nothing,

nothing; for whatever luſtre and beauty of body or mind, ſhe hath deckt and enriched you withal, your Grace has largely recompenſed her, and are perfectly quit with her in theſe your elegant Poems, and Philoſophy. In a word, to be no longer troubleſom to your Grace, we would we could but expreſs what thankful acknowledgements we, in mind and thought, do conceive, for this twin-pledge of your Love, full of all Muſes and Graces; then we ſhould fall leſs, though ſtill continually, ſhort of ſo high a favour. May you live long, moſt Virtuous and Heroick Lady, to adorn, maintain, and nouriſh Learning, and Learned men, and Us, who are, in all offices of Honour and obſervance.

Your Graces bounden Servants,

The Maſter and Fellows

of St. Johns *Coll. in* Cambridge.

Excellentiſſimæ Nobiliſſimæque Principi, *Margaretæ Novi-Caſtriæ* Duciſſæ.

Illustrissima Heroina,

Pallida & exanguis hæc chartula Sacratiſſimos Tuos amplexus ſummâ eâque debitâ veneratione ſolicitat, unde Promethei *ad inſtar vitam & vigorem (Quæ ſoles dare) ambitioſo & laudabili furto ſurripiat: Quin haud vitio vertenda erit pia noſtra nec inhoneſta fraus, Quum ſpirare, & vivere oportet eam Epiſtolam, quæ tanto Nomini inſcripta æternitatis æmula, & particeps affinitatis jure facta eſt. Nempe Tu Ea es divinior Artemiſia,*

Quæ

Quæ Mauſolo tuo non perpetuum certiſſimæ mortis indicem, & monumentum ſolummodò extruere, ſed vitam ipſam æternitati inſerere Præclaros Animi motus ſacri calami Impulſu continuare, Limpidos Corporis humores, & nobilem ſanguinem ex benignâ Ingenii Tui venâ æternum ſupplere, nec non eximia geſta & facinora ad vivum exprimere, coram ſiſtere, & denuò agere valuiſti: Exhibuiſti nobis talem Principem qualis ipſe ſolus eſt, Cujus Imaginem à Te unicâ vel effingi, vel dignè delineari poſſe fateatur univerſus Philoſophorum Chorus. Exhibuiſti gratiſſimum orbi munus, præſentis ſæculi decus & ornamentum, futuri Archetypum & elaboratum exemplar. Inſuper videre eſt quàm mirabili artificio (Laudatiſſimi Phidiæ jure) conjunctiſſimo numini Illuſtriſſimam Tuam intexuiſti Imaginem, uſque adeò intemperanti mortis occurſu fabricam faciens, ut perpetuum Veſtrum conjugium ab ipſâ haud ſejungi poſſit aut divelli. Quantâ animi devotione Ornantiſſimæ Heroinæ egregium munus amplexamur, ſentire poſſumus, aptè exprimere (Quæ Tua & propria Laus eſt) neutiquam confidimus: Digneris, quæſumus, ut donum Tuum tanquam cælitùs delapſum ancile duraturæ felicitatis augurium & teſſeram ſilentio (uti par eſt) veneretur Collegium noſtrum, vel, quod majus, Veſtrum.

Johan. Pearſon, Magiſt. Coll.
Geo. Chamberlaine. V^m.
Clem. Nevil.
Anth. Marſhall.
Guliel. Baylie.
Richardus Stedman.
Rob. Crane.
Guliel. Lynnet.
Rob. Scott.

EXCELLENTISSIMA PRINCEPS,

HIſtoriam Viri tui quantivis pretii, Geniique plenum opus non modò exertiſſimâ manu accepimus, verum etiam à capite ad calcem incredibili voluptate, uti omnia tua jamdudùm evolvimus. Inter legendum verò non ſemel hìc, illìc circa numeros, periodoſque ſubſtitimus, nunc ſtili, nunc argumenti, nunc denique compoſitionis elegantiâ detenti: ac quia togatis hominibus tuam illam tam artificem dextram tetigiſſe non licet, quod proximum eſt, audemus: hoc eſt Theatrum honoris, bipaténíque pugillar (in quo paginam utrámque facit Heros Novo-Caſtrenſis) *plus millies amplexamur. Neque tamen Chartæ ſæpiùs imprimimus oſcula, quàm omnibus illa, ſinguliſque* Muſis *ingeminare nos exiſtimamus. Nullum enim ingenii tui fœtum exponere potes, quem non in uſus ſuos, deliciáſque & tollet Alma* Cantabrigia, *& (ut in partem quoque muneris admittat poſteros) Bibliothecæ Publicæ tholo ſuſpendet. Vivet igitur domi, militiæque clariſſimus Imperator, Téque (dum literis honor conſtabit) non impar gloria ſequetur: ità raro, ſingularíque exemplo facta dictis ubique æquas, & invictiſſimi Ducis res tanto ſcribis Spiritu, quanto pridem ab Ipſo geſtæ fuerunt. Quodſi forſan Bellatores in arce* Pallados *olim quærent (tàm ad Hiſtoriæ fidem, quàm ad exempli normam) conſummatiſſimi Imperatoris imaginem, adumbratam illam invenient non in* Cyro Xenophontis, *ſed in* MARGARETÆ GULIELMO. *Hoc nomine Tibi nos debemus plurimum Eruditiſſima fœminarum; at non hoc uno nomine. Etenim in Studiis ubicunque jam nobis hæret aqua, præſentiſſimum Numen occurris: in Oratione ſi laboramus, verba dictas: ſi Poëticas fores pulſamus, recludis: Si condi-*

mus

mus Hiſtoriam, à memoriâ es: Si Philoſophos inter ambigimus, & involvimur, extricas: poſtremò, ſi ſtudemus modò, fers opem ſupra verticem ſemper adſtans Mulier divini admodum vultus, atque inexhauſti vigoris. Hoc autem totum quid aliud eſt, quàm modis omnibus addictam Tibi Cantabrigiam *non ſolùm exercere, ſed obruere beneficiis? Tot ergo magnificentiæ tuæ radios (quibus illuſtramur) quâ Nos unquam gratiarum actione, quibus Muſarum opibus redimemus? Niſi forte quæ* D. Margaretæ *pectus, mentémque illam homine ſublimiorem nunc habitant, hùc bonâ tuâ cum veniâ remigrent Veneres, Gratiæque. Id ſi principali indulgentiâ concedas (Heroina) tuis veſtigiis pro modulo inſiſtemus, nervos omnes intendemus, totúmque* Helicona *ciebimus, ne* Mars *ille tuus ſine vate, ac virtutum tantarum Latino præcone pugnâſſe videatur.*

Eminentiæ tuæ addictiſſimi

PROCANCELLARIUS

reliquuſque Senat. *Acad. Cantab.*

Cantabrigiæ è frequenti Senatu 14 *Cal. Januar.* 1667.

MOST EXCELLENT PRINCESS,

THat incomparable and moſt deſired Book of your Grace's, containing the Hiſtory of his Grace's Actions, in the late War, we have not only readily received but alſo peruſed and read over, as we are wont to do with whatſoever you write; yet in reading it we muſt acknowledge that we ſtop'd often, becauſe we could not but admire, every where, both the loftineſs of the argument, and elegancy, and ſpruceneſs of the Stile, and

and Compoſition; and in regard that at ſo great a diſtance we could not be admitted to the favour of kiſſing your Hand, we ceaſe not to beſtow ten thouſand embraces upon every page of that Book, which hath ſo noble and immortal a ſubject as is his Grace the Duke of *Newcaſtle*; although your Grace can neither dictate nor publiſh any Work which the Univerſity of *Cambridge* will not own, and eſteem, yet for this laſt Eſſay of your Graces we retain a moſt ſingular affection, and, in teſtimony thereof, lodge it in the richeſt Cabinet that we have, our publick Liberary; for the peruſal of the preſent, and ſucceeding generation, long therefore ſhall the moſt valiant, and renowned General live, and your Grace too with him, ſeeing you have written his enterpriſes with as great a ſpirit as he himſelf perform'd them; hereafter if generous and high born men; if men of War ſearch our Library for a Model of a moſt accompliſhed General, they ſhall find it expreſſed to the life, not in *Xenophon's Cyrus*, but in the Dutcheſs of *Newcaſtle's William*. Moſt Excellent Princeſs, you have unſpeakably obliged us all, but not in this reſpect alone, for whenſoever we find our ſelves non-plus'd in our Studies we repair to you, as to our Oracle, if we be to ſpeak you dictate to us; if we knock at *Apollo's* doore, you alone open to us; if we compoſe an Hiſtory you are the Remembrancer; if we be confounded and puzled among the Philoſophers, you diſentangle us, and aſſoil all our difficulties: in a word, whatſoever we attempt your Grace now vouchſafe's to ſtand by us, and ſuggeſt as a Lady of a moſt Princely perſonage, and of an inexhauſtible vigor; and thus you do not only exerciſe, but oppreſs us with your nobleneſs,

neſs; nor can we deviſe what returne of thanks to make, unleſs thoſe *Muſes* and *Graces* (which have taken up their reſidence in your Breaſt) may, with your Graces leave, retreat for a while to us. If your Grace think good ſo to favour us, we ſhall all of us, jointly and ſeverally endeavour that hereafter his Excellency the great Duke of *Newcaſtle* may not want a Latine Poet, for the perpetuating of his Honour, and your Graces in forreign Countries.

Cambridge Dec. 16. 1667.

Moſt renowned Princeſs,

Your Graces moſt devoted Servants,

The VICECHANCELLOR *and the whole Senate of the Univerſity of*

CAMBRIDGE

MOST ILLUSTRIOUS PRINCESS,

WE have received your Excellencies incomparable and moſt beneficial books with ſuch grandure and reverence of mind, as it is very fit we ſhould, as a pledge and warant of our future ſecurity; for ſeeing we are to Contend in a bruitiſh world for life, much more for honour, with the reproaches of an illiterate age, as it were now deſparing of attaining to any perfection in our weighty affairs, leſt *Cambridge*, and Philoſophy, and Learning ſhould grow infamous, Your Excellency hath only brought it to paſs, that we have hopes yet to live; the memory of our name being perpetuated in your Excellencies Books, which

will not only ſurvive our Univerſities, but hold date even with Time it ſelf; and doubtleſs we ſhall live, for as much as it pleaſeth you, moſt Excellent Princeſs, ſo long as either Name or Honour remains, either to Virtue or Books; and incontinently this age, by the reading of your Books, will looſe its barbarity and rudeneſs, being made tame by the Elegancy both of your ſtile and matter: and moreover it will not judge us to be no-bodies whom ſuch an accompliſh'd Princeſs hath not refuſed to make not only the Peruſers, but even the Moderators, and Judges of her Works. So as the very worth of your Excellencies Books, hath brought us, being willing, altogether perſwaded and convinced into a juſt admiration of your Excellency. However your Grace may ſee how much your Praiſes are impaired, not ſo much by the default of our Wit (though that be very great) as becauſe you have the hap to live in ſuch an unfortunate age. Antient *Greece* it ſelf, the ſole Governneſs of all juſt merits and rewards, in the cauſe of ſuch unparallel'd vertues, would have ſpent her ſelf in ten years Panegyricks; neither would there be any cauſe why *Iſocrates* ſhould prefer his *Athenians* (though they were *Minerva*'s Scholars) before *Cambridge*; to whom your Excellency (for ſuch honour doth your Grace procure) doth kindle a new, yet never periſhing, Light: Antient *Rome* it ſelf would have reſolved all your Praiſes into Statues and Monuments of your name, by which there might ariſe continually *Cornelia*'s, and if there were any other, therefore the Glory of their Age, and the Honour of your Sex, becauſe your Excellency had not then a being, but reſerved by the Author of all things, and born in after times

for

for the honour, and ornament of this age in which we live. The Titles and Triumphs are long ſince obſolete, and worn out, the honour of *Greece* and *Rome* lives only in a little ſlender fame, and thoſe Marbles inſcribed with the names of ſo many of the Learned, are mouldered into duſt, and yet all theſe live, and flouriſh in their due Praiſes, and are the ſurvivors of all their admirers, and this Glory is only common to your Excellency, with thoſe famous Worthies, that as neither the famous Statues, nor the applauſe of their admirers, nor the popular vote, but the ſolid Grace of their Works, and Virtue which is its own beſt Herauld, doth declare their merits: So your Excellencies moſt unparalleld worth, and our thankful acknowlegment without the furniture of tumultuous applauſes, hath ſet apart a place in our Library, that faithful Depoſitory of Wits, for your Grace, where, according to our ſlender proviſion, which alſo the Cuſtome of our Anceſtors, by whom we are the better enabled, and our own ingenious confeſſion, we do with great earneſtneſs deſire; we henceforth with acclamations that ſuch an Illuſtrious Princeſs (reaſon being now reſtored, Philoſophy confirmed, Envy conquered) doth eſteem that in others which ſhe honours in her own perſon; We will therefore that this, whatſoever it is, be the argument of a Grateful mind.

Dated from our Coll.
Octob. 6. 1667.

Moſt Illuſtrious Princeſs,
Your Excellencies moſt humble Servants,
devoted to your Clemency and Honour,
The Maſter and Fellows
of St. Johns *Coll. in* Cambridge.

Emi-

Eminentissimæ, Celsissimæque Principi *D. Margaretæ*, Duci *Novocastrensi.*

NOn mutamus Excellentissima Princeps; de Lucubrationibus tuis universis idem sentimus, quod de singulis; Singulas autem quantoperè miremur, ut Quamque beneficio tuo vidimus, aut perlegimus, neque Ipsa nescis, & nos aliàs judiciis certis non modò notum fecimus, verùm etiam in omnem occasionem intenti porrò faciemus. Hoc in Literas voluntas, hoc (quæ tam latè se jam diffundit) Eruditio tua singularis à togatis Hominibus dudum exegit: Hoc Orationes, hoc Epistolæ, hoc Numeri, Salésque, hoc Fundamenta; hoc postremò (quæ Cantabrigiæ *tuæ inscribis) subacti judicii, & lectionis penè infinitæ Pericula meruêre. Quamvis enim ubique viget, & dum (humanitati locus ullus erit) vigebit* Cantabrigia, *tamen Illius perpetuitati multum adjiciet Librorum tuorum Æternitas. Non igitur immeritò Te (doctissima fœminarum) de scriptis editis & amamus, & suspicimus, in illà Contemplationum Arce nos jactamus, quam Tu Posteritati stupendis operibus extruxisti. Clarissimè quidem inter Cives ad altissimum honoris apicem evecta micas; Sed (quod adhuc augustius est) omnem illam fortunæ magnitudinem immortalis ingenii felicitate ità superas, ut quæ versare solemus exemplaria* Græca, Latináque *missa jam facere, & tuâ Unius sapientiâ contenti esse possimus. Quoties enim in Philosophiam secedis, sola Magistri nullius in verba juras, sed in omni Doctorum familiâ laborans & subtiliter expendis, & acutè discernis, & ad unguem castigas quicquid aut risit* Democritus, *aut flevit* Hereclitus, *aut deliravit* Epicurus, *aut tacuit* Pythagoras, *aut intellexit* Aristoteles, *aut ignoravit*

Arce-

Arceſilas, *nec omittis ſiquid Majorum inventis addidêre novi homines,* Verulamius, Harvæus, Carteſius, Galilæus. *Hoc (Eminentiſſima Dux) hoc demùm eſt heroicè Philoſophari. Sed quò Nos Tecum rapis? Nam Principatum in Literis, tenes, nullis finibus circumſcriptum; nec uſquam Tibi deſinit Natura rerum: at ultra Oceanum Mundus alter exurgit. Mundum illum flamantem loquimur, quem & luce tuâ incendis, & accuratiùs multò, quàm olim, in* Critia, Plato, *deſcribis. Ad eum modum in omni ſcientiarum genere ſi pergas ſapere, certè mox id conſequêre, ut in poſterum* Margareta *non amplius Heroinæ, ſed Ipſius Philoſophiæ nomen habeatur. Sic, velut in anteceſſum audent ſperare.*

Eminentiæ tuæ addictiſſimi

PROCANCELLARIUS

reliquuſque Senat. *Acad. Cantab.*

Cantabrigiæ è frequenti Senatu 5 *Idus Octobr.* 1668.

MOST EXCELLENT PRINCESS:

OUr opinion is not in any wiſe altered; of all your Books in general we judge, as in reaſon and equity we muſt of every one of them: and what unſpeakable eſteem we have for every one of them, neither are you ignorant, nor may we (as we did, or hereafter ſhall receive any of them ſeverally) forbear to publiſh to the World. This we think, and this, upon every occaſion, we profeſs to be a return, that your Graces affection to the Commonwealth of learning (together with your Perſonal advancement in all man-

ner of Knowledge) hath, long ago, called for from all ingenious Scholars: This is a debt, which men of ſeveral profeſſions pay you daily, in conſideration of the pleaſure and profit they reap from your Orations, your Epiſtles, your Comœdies, and your Grounds: but eſpecially we of *Cambridge* remember, and, with exceeding delight, peruſe (the greateſt Honour that of late hath been done by a Dedication to this Community) your moſt judicious and elaborate Obſervations upon Experimental Philoſophy. For although we nothing doubt, but the Univerſity of *Cambridge* will flouriſh, whileſt there is any regard in the World had to Learning, and Modeſty, yet to the Perpetuity of ſo famous, and antient a Corporation, we cannot but hope for an addition from the Eternity of your Labours. It is not therefore for nothing (moſt learned Princeſs) that far beyond what we can expreſs, we renown and admire your Grace, looking ever and anon upon, and glorying in that immortall ſtately Fabric of Contemplation, which you have erected for the Wonder, as well as for Inſtruction of Poſterity. It's true, our eyes are almoſt dazled, when we preſume to look up to that height of National honour, wherein you ſhine above moſt of your Sex. But (which is yet far more noble and Princely) the luſtre of your Wit hath ſo ſurpaſſed the greatneſs of your Fortune, in glory, that we may now very plauſibly throw away our other Greek, and Latine Authors, and be content to learn only, what you teach in proper and good Engliſh. For, when you retire to Study, you take (as we ſee) nothing at all upon truſt; you ſit down at no Philoſophers Feet, but enquiring into the Myſteries of

every

every Sect, you moſt exactly weigh, diſtinguiſh, and correct whatſoever *Democritus* laughed at, or *Heraclitus* wept, or *Epicurus* raved, or *Pythagoras* concealed, or *Ariſtotle* underſtood, or *Arceſilas* was ignorant of. Nor do you neglect, or omit, in caſe the *Lord Verulam*, or *Harvey*, or *Des Cartes*, or *Galilæus* hath pretended to add to the atchievements of the Antients. This indeed, this it is (moſt eminent Dutcheſs) to ſtudy, to reſolve, to determine, like a Royal and Impartial Profeſſor: But whither on the ſudden have you tranſported us? For that Principality (which is yours) in Learning admits (it ſhould ſeem) of no bounds, but in your happy and pregnant imagination alone. Nature is infinite; and you your ſelf, having nothing further to know in this, firſt diſcover, and then travel into another, World: we mean your Blazing World, which you enlighten with your own luſtre, and deſcribe to us far more accurately, then ever *Plato* in his *Critias* attempted. After this manner in all ſorts of Sciences, if your Eminency proceed, *Margaret* will ſhortly paſs, not only for the name of the Dutcheſs of *Newcaſtle*, but alſo for the Cognizance of Philoſophy. So we dare, as it were, before-hand, hope, and promiſe our ſelves, who ſtudy continually to be more and more (if it be poſſible) then we are already.

Moſt renowned Princeſs,

Cambridge Oct. 10. 1668.

Your moſt humble and devoted Servants,

The VICECHANCELLOR *and the reſt of the Senate of the Univerſity of*

CAMBRIDGE.

Illuſtriſ-

Illustrissimæ Excellentissimæque Principi *Margaretæ Navo-Costrensi* Ducissa.

Illustrissima Princeps,

CUm jampridem nobis explorata penitúsque perspecta, sit singularis Amplitudinis Tuæ natura quæ sic est & multiplici eruditione ornata & insitâ humanitate imbuta, ut & possit propter maximam facultatem, & soleat propter summam benevolentiam de Literarum Cultoribus optimè mereri, committere certè noluimus quin utróque nomine obstricti alacriores hasce literas sempiternæ observantiæ indices Celsitudini Tuæ offeremus; cujus eximia bonitas præclarum hoc & peculiare habet, quòd nec ab amicis solicitando, nec precibus nostris rogando evocata est, sed suâ sponte effusa & ex se tota: rapitur nimirum ad quamvis sui similitudinem excellens quæque indoles, & quicquid aliqualis præstantiæ opinionem sustinet, veluti cognatum sibi, invitat, amplectitur, tuetur. Quàm magnificum hoc atque Tuum quòd disciplinas nostras Tuæ jam venerationis exemplo augustiores reddidisti? Quanto illud cunctis titulis speciosius ibit in secula, quòd in ea generis claritate fortunæque opulentiâ studia sic amas, ut pauperes solent? In quibus tam feliciter versaris, ut nemo ità literaturæ vel deservire vel sufficere videatur, ut quotidie novi aliquid miraculi parias, ut Fœmina Viris, Aulica Academicis doctrinæ palmam præripueris, ut singulis denique in sua cujusque laude præstantior evaseris. Ignosce obsecramus, si minum aliquem, ne Principem quidem nostram ipsa naturâ tantopere valere, aut propriis viribus in multiformes istas altissimásque cogitationes excitari atque

erigi

erigi non credamus: ampliſſimam, illam mentem, per omnigenæ diſciplinæ ſeriem latiſſimè patentem, neceſſe eſt divinitùs illuſtrari, docet nos ea tot tantarúmque rerum penè infinita comprehenſio quantus Te cœleſtis ſpiritus habitator intrârit, & quàm non ſimplex numen unicum hoc pectus ad univerſa ſcientiarum ſpatia laxaverit. Cúmque his auſpitiis quicquid unquam volueris in artibus conſecuta ſis, cùm liquidæ veritatis notionem melior aliquis genius Principis noſtræ beneficium forè decrevit, cúmque Tuum fuerit non argumentari, ſed pronuntiare oracula; nihilominus (quæ eſt Amplitudinis tuæ verecundia) exquiſitis rationibus aſſerere Tua placita & confirmare dignaris tanquam Tibi fides non debeatur, quaſi aſſenſum noſtrum non aliqua religio conſtringat. Poſthac certè nobis in iſto genere vigiliarum ferias deſtinamus, & Philoſophiæ tandem metam prehendimus, cùm Celſitudo Tua ſpeculationem iſtam dignam exiſtimaverit, cujus ſe curis imbueret, ſibique propiùs addiceret: Etenim nihil non inveſtigatum pleneque comprehenſum dabit iſtius accuminis felix perſpicatia, nihil non inventum cum Cantabrigienſibus *ſuis communicabit iſtius candoris paratiſſima propenſio. Ne tamen ignobilem interim quietem agere, aut deſidiæ litare videamur, reliquiſti nobis difficillimam ſanè Provinciam, gratulationem. Quippe divinum quiddam Literarum Alumnis quod certò ſequantur nunc adeptis lucubrationes Tuæ jamdudum præſtiterunt; in ſtudiis ſcilicet tranquilitatem; ideóque nec cuiquam veterum Regum aut Imperatorum honeſtiorem unquam titulum erectum fuiſſe opinamur quàm nos hìc Gratiæ Tuæ ponendum cogitamus,*

MARGARETÆ I. PHILOSOPHORUM PRINCIPI.

Ob profligatos errores, ſublata dogmatum diſſidia & pacem reipublicæ literariæ reſtitutum.

Johan. Pearſon, Magiſt. Coll.
Anth. Marſhall.
Guliel. Lynnet.
Richardus Stedman.
Rob. Scott.
Iſaac Barrow.
Joannes Hawkins.
Robertus Moyle.
Guliel. Corker.

Dat. è Coll. S.S. & Individuæ *Trin.* 3 Non. *Octob.* 1668.

ILLUSTRISSIMA PRINCEPS,

ACcepimus, eâ, quâ par fuit animi reverentiâ & honore tam grandis beneficii, Libros Tuos, id eſt, Incolumitatis noſtræ archas & argumentum. Nam, quum in hâc ultimâ obruteſcentis mundi barbarie dimicandum ſit nobis de Vitâ, nedum de Honore, cum tot illiteratis ſeculi dehoneſtamentis; ac quaſi deſperandum eſſet de ſummâ rerum noſtrarum; ne viliſſimi nominis forent Cantabrigia, *Philoſophia, Eruditio; Effeciſti Unica, ut putemus nos etiam porrò poſſe vivere, conſignatâ noſtri nominis memoriâ in Libris Tuis, etiam ultra Academias, & cum tempore æquabiliter duraturis. Vivemus certè, quandoquidem ita Tibi placuerit, Illuſtriſſima Princeps, quamdiu Virtuti & Libris conſtabit Honos; & ſimul ac Libros Tuos legendo Feritatem exuerit Iſthoc ſeculum, tantâ rerum verborúmque elegantiâ cicuratum; æſtimabit inſuper*

ſuper, neque nihili prorſùs nos fuiſſe, quos ut Operum ſuorum Arbitros non recuſaverit, Ornatiſſima Princeps, Ita ipſa Librorum dignitas volentes, perſuaſos omnimodò, victos bonâ fide traduxit in Juſtiſſimam Tui admirationem. Utcunque tamen vides quantum laudum Tuarum deterendum ſit, non tam ingenii noſtris culpâ (licet nimiùm huc! & immane quantum tanta Dignitati imparit) quàm quòd Nata ſis in infelici hoc ſeculo Tantæ Virtutis ergô exiliiſſet Græciæ *antiqua illa, juſtiſſima meritorum æſtimatrix in Panegyrica decennalia; neque eſſet cur* Athenas *ſuas, licet* Minervæ *alumnas, præponeret* Iſocrates Cantabrigiæ, *cui Tu tantùm quippè honorem concilias, cui novem nec evenidam lucem accendis. Omnia ſua Elogia* Roma *illa vetus explicâſſet in ſtatuas & Tui nominis Titulos, quibus aſſurgerent quotidiè* Corneliæ Liviæ, *& ſi quæ aliæ tunc fuerunt ideò ſeculi ſui Decus, & ſexûs Tui Gloria, quoniam Tu tunc temporis nec dum nata eras, ſed Reſervata à ſummo rerum Authore, & quaſi comperendi nata in ætatis noſtra felicitatem & ornamentum. Sed obſoleverunt dudum Tituli & Triumphi: periit quicquid fuit* Græcia & Romæ, *niſi tenuis quædam Fama: etiam ipſa quæ magis durare putantur marmora, tot doctorum nominibus inſcripta, dilapſa ſunt in vagum pulverem. Vivunt tamen adhuc vigéntque ipſi Authores debitiſſimis ſuis laudibus ſuperſtites, & admiratoribus ſuis vivaciores. Et communis hæc Tibi cum celeberimis illis mortuis conſtabit Gloria; quòd, ut illos non jam demonſtrant ſtatuarum elogia, admirantium applauſus, & ſecunda populi admurmuratio; ſed ſolidum doctrinæ decus, & virtus ipſa ſuimet Nomenclatrix: ſic & meritiſſimum Decus Tuum & gratiſſima animi noſtri atteſtatio, abſque operoſo illo gratulationum & ap-*

applauſuum apparatu, ſeliget Tibi locum in Bibliothecâ noſtrâ, fidiſſimâ illâ ingeniorum cuſtodiâ, & depoſitaria, ubi, quod tenuis res noſtra nobis permittit, quod & mos majorum & per quos profecimus ingenua Confeſſio depoſcit, nos ſubindè acclamabimus, Quod & (reſtitulâ in integrum Ratione, firmatâ Philoſophiâ, victâ Inſidiâ) Literas in aliorum æſtimet, in ſuâ Perſonâ nobilitet Illuſtriſſima Heroina. Hoc igitur non ingrati animi indicium qualecunque eſſe voluimus.

Illuſtriſſima Princeps,

Clementiæ Tuæ & Honori

Devotiſſimi Clientuli,

Præfectus Sociique Collegii

D. *Joannis* Evangeliſtæ.

Cantabrigiæ Eid. *Octob.*6. 1668

MADAM,

BY the Bounty of ſeveral Benefactors, our Liberary is furniſhed with many large Volumes; yet we have none we ſo highly eſteem, and are more proud of, then thoſe written & given us by your Graces own hand. Jewels have their value crowded in a little room. The *Sybills* Leaves as they became fewer advanced their price. Among pieces all ſo perfectly excellent, we dare not otherwiſe offer at a Compariſon, then as the Subject leads and determins us. The Greatneſs and Miracle which hath appeared in the Life of the moſt Incomparable Duke of *Newcaſtle*, could not but raiſe, in your Grace thoughts anſwerable to ſo glorious a Theame, and give us at the ſame time,

time, both Wonder and Delight, to read the Hiſtory of that full-blown Vertue and Glory, which with us appeared firſt in their bud and Bloſſome: The next Glory to that of having done ſuch Wonders, is to have writ them ſo well and exactly. And, had the Sex allowed it, Your Grace had done the ſame Actions, and left Deſpair to any other Pen to have reached, their height: A grateful mind, which we deſire to Expreſs, is the Prologue to our new Requeſt: but our chief Truſt and Confidence *is* in your own ready and natural inclinations to all Acts of Bounty and Charity. They that are cunning in the Art of Begging, are ſo well verſed and ſtudied in Faces, that among an hundred, they know which to let paſs, and where to fix: they read at firſt ſight the Characters and Diſpoſitions of a ready and willing Goodneſs: and will ſometimes pitty them they Beg of, as carrying Faces apt to undo them into as low poverty as they themſelves ſuffer. Though perhaps we have not ſo particular knowledge af thoſe outward Lineaments which might encourage this confident addreſs; yet the general Fame, beſides our own knowledge, will not ſuffer us to be ignorant, of thoſe of your great and generous Soul, which ſtayes not for opportunities offered, but ſeeks them, and to know where it is wanting, is all the argument neceſſary to your noble Bounty. We are ſo unhappily engaged in Building, that we can neither leave off, nor go on without the help and aſſiſtance of others. Yet we could be content to change our deſigne, and wholly leave what we have in hand, to erect a Statue to your Graces Name and Memory. That as one *Margaret* ſtands with us famous to Poſte-

rity for her Zeal to promote the growth of Knowledge, which was then upon its recovery from a long and dark ignorance: so now your Grace appears with fairer advantage, being your self, to the shame and reproach of our Sex, the great pattern and example of Learning. We despair of raising any more lasting Monument to your Name, then what already your Grace hath left with us. But, you will oblige here very many Beads-men and Votaries, who will make it a great part of their study, that the famous Acts of your Charity and Bounty, may be read not only in Stones, but Men, who shall for ever bless your Memory, and pray for your Happiness. In which number your Grace will find at present

MADAM,

Your Graces most obliged

and devoted Servants,

The Master, Fellows, and Scholars

of St. Johns *Coll. in the University of*

CAMBRIDGE.

Feb. 28. 1671.

To

To the moſt Illuſtrious and Excellent Prince, the Lord Duke of Newcaſtle, &c.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR GRACE,

THat your Grace Might not want freſh occaſions to oblige us, our Colledge was not hitherto a finiſht Building, and we owe the perfection of our Colledge to the late generous obligements of your Grace, when you honoured us with the Picture of the late Right Honourable *Mary* Counteſs of *Shrewsbury*, your moſt noble Aunt, and our ſecond Found'reſs. 'Tis true, we here have lodged hitherto with Conveniences, enough to atteſt the Generoſity of your thrice noble Family, above as well our Expectations as Merits; and beyond what Learning durſt promiſe it ſelf from this Barbarous Age. Our Colledge Walls are as ſtrong, as our Noble Foundreſſes Deſignes were generous: and the Sun looks upon us ſtill, but as he ſhould, through no Crevices or Chinks, nor makes more day than we permit him to our melancholy Retirements. Nor would your Grace's Illuſtrious Aunt be now aſhamed of that fair addition ſhe made our Colledge, if the durableneſs of the work can reflect any honour upon that generous Effort of her Charity. But we wanted the laſt advantage our preſent Buildings could reveive: the Effigies of the Noble Counteſs of *Shrewsbury*, which would at once, ennoble her Foundation, and our acknowledgements; and remind the curioſity of Strangers, that this Age hath not been barren of Illuſtrious Inſtances of Charity, and of our thankful reſentments of ſo great Encouragements to

Lear-

Learning. Yea, my Lord, your Grace hath now inſtructed us, and may undeceive others: and the Statue of your Illuſtrious Aunt ſhall now encourage our Studies, and ſuperintend over our Proficiency as her own Deputy: and we ſhall be aſhamed to have lived unprofitably, and unanſwerably to ſo noble a Benefaction; or that the Illuſtrious Counteſs of *Shrewsbury* ſhould, amidſt the Joys, wherein She is ſurrounded by a bleſſed Immortality, have the diſſatisfaction to have loved Learning in vain, and have built us a Synagogue, and ſo nobly ſeconded the deſignes of the late moſt Serene Mother of K. *Henry* the ſeventh: 'Tis true we ought to have owned the Honour to have ſet up ere now the Statue of the moſt Noble Counteſs of *Shrewsbury*, but that which excuſes all Immoralities, that which involved Kings, and Kingdoms, your moſt noble Family, and Learning, in one Common Deſolation, the late Rebellion, hindred us till now: We could only look on with Sorrow, the place deſigned for the Effigies of your Grace's moſt Noble Aunt, and ſigh that the barbarous wickedneſs of the times, which allowed no viſible remembrance of Saints or Kings, ſhould be able to defeat our Deſigne, to perpetuate, in this nature, Her Memory, and our Acknowledgements: But, we dare be bold humbly to conceive, this our late thankfulneſs will be no diſadvantage to her happy Memory, and that the Inſcription of St. *John*'s Colledge upon her Statue, will hold even with the lateſt Date of time: and that it may not be the only miraculous Priviledge of ſome Rivers, after they have enricht their neighbouring Banks, to dive ſuddenly into the Earth, for the ſpace of ſome miles, and riſe again into their former greatneſs,

and

and acquire a newer, and more lasting glory, by being, so long, undiscovered: thus shall the most Noble Countess of *Shrewsbury* be not disadvantaged (as far as our weak pretences can reach) by this our post-fact Acknowledgements, but, like Majesty, by this distance of Years, command a greater Veneration. But if we dare pretend so much to honour the Memory of the Blessed now in Heaven, how shall we pay the Living, those that by so great Obligations have deserved all that we can pretend to of Gratitude and Esteem, amongst which, your Grace's Favours to our Colledge hath entitled you the Principal. My Lord, to such we are poor in every thing but Prayers: and that your Grace may long live to be (as you are) the honour of this Age, your most Noble Family, and (which we take the boldness to be proud in) this Colledge: that, by that Civility, whereby you have made even your misfortunes Illustrious, and Crown'd Heads your Admirers, you may long unteach this Barbarous Age that bruitish disaffection to Learning; that you may survive that envy which your Grace's Excellent Accomplishments as well as our little Learning hath attracted, is the Desire of

May it please your Grace,

Your Graces most Devoted,

Obliged, and humble Servants,

The Master and Fellows

of St. John's *Colledge.*

MOST ILLUSTRIOUS PRINCE,

IT would be a matter of great difficulty to recount your great Praiſes, but it would be an endleſs undertaking to ſet forth your Merits; how great your Graces worth is in all parts of the World, eſpecially this of *England*, may be conjectured, even from hence, in that although we may endeavour to reckon up your Graces particular Favours towards us, yet are we no way able to expreſs them: And yet to paſs by your Graces benificence in ſilence, becauſe we are altogether unable to anſwer the worth of it, would be to excuſe our ſelves from a leſs, and incurr upon our ſelves the gilt of a greater Crime; and ſo leſt we ſhould betray our ignorance in ſpeaking or writing to be profeſſedly ungrateful, ſomething we muſt offer to your Grace though we fall never ſo much ſhort of the greatneſs of your Merits; our devotion in attempting, may in part excuſe our inability in performing, what we owe to your Grace: Pardon us great Sir if we devoutly admire thoſe ſingular perfections, for the knowledge of which we are beholding to your Grace alone, whom when we admire for your Excellency in other Arts, we find that you alone are able to make your Horſes if not altogether equal, yet but little inferiour to their Keepers, we are convinced that your Induſtry together with your Skill is ſo available, that they almoſt ſeem worthy of the ſociety of Men, and if they could but ſpeak, as men do, we ſhould hear them complaining that they are injured in not being accounted rational Creatures; when being taught by your Grace they are a ſafeguard in War and the greateſt ornament of a Common-wealth

in

in Peace. Go on therefore Great Sir who only art able to bring ſuch great things to perfection: Long may your Grace live like your ſelf, that you may grace the World with your Inventions, aſſiſt the King with your Counſel, preſerve your Countrey by your aid and Valor, and continue to honour us your moſt humble Servants with your Patronage.

John Pearſon *Maſter of the Coll.*
Geo. Chamberlaine *Vice-Maſter.*

Given from our Colledge of the Holy and Undivided Trinity, *the fifth of the Calends of* April 1663.

Clem. Nevill.
Robert Boreman.
William Baylie
Robert Crane.
Humphrey Babington.
Richard Stedman.
Robert Scott.

Excellentiſſimo Honoratiſſimóque Domino, Domino Gulielmo Marchioni *Novo-Caſtrenſi*, &c.

EXCELLENTISSIME DOMINE,

PVlchrè & prudenter Reges Clariſſimos, ſolus qui referre potes, imitaris, cùm eodem optimè merendi ſtudio, tum nec minore largiendi facultate: Illis utique debemus ampliſſima hæc Muſarum ſacraria, & reditus quibus fruimur, ampliſſimos: Quod optandum erat reliquum, Tu nobiliſſimâ nos arte donâſti, & humanis uſibus longè commodiſſimâ. Eximiam proinde Nominis gloriam, utrique

&

& meriti eſtis, & conſequuti, & tranſmittendam in poſteros feliciſſimam memoriam, in quantum durabunt marmora & eruditio. Patere, Vir Illuſtriſſime, quantum Veſtra poteſt inſignis Humanitas, ut in laudes tam cumulatas, hoc inſuper accedat debitiſſimum Tibi, quòd inter Heroas omnes, quos ab interitu certior Hiſtoricorum fides, aut Poetarum vindicat ingenium, vix Tibi unum in arte Tuâ imitandum habueris, neminem omnino conferendum habeas. Sanè, inter Deos, Antiqui celebrant Apollinem, *ob iſthanc fortè peritiam, præpoſitum Equis Solaribus cuſtodem juxta ac moderatorem; At ille demum is erat, à quo perperam edoctus* Phaethon *triſtiſſimas imprudentiæ pœnas dedit; quanto feliciorem habiturus exitum, ſi in Tua tempora incidiſſet. At etiam* Apolline *prior* Neptunus, *tutelaris idem Oceani & Equorum Deus, magno cum dedecore iſtius artis, prælatam ſibi* Pallada *dolebat, & poſthabitum oleæ* Pegaſum *ſuum, ſcilicet uno victus ſuffragio, clariſſimam* Athenas *Urbem,* Minervæ *reliquit inſigniendam. Quàm Tu Marino Numine dignior es, à quo, ſi contigiſſes medius, magnâ ſuâ cum gloria tuliſſent, & inſignem* Pallas *repulſam, & felicius nomen* Athenienſes. *Nec verò eſt, cur imperitos prorſus hâc in re fuiſſe Veteres, aut minus induſtrios, credamus; magna quidem ea ſunt, quæ de* Pegaſo, Cyllaro, Bucephalo, *aliiſque, non oppidò multis, accepimus: Verùm illi ſolùm perficienda fuit res Equeſtris, qui efficere primus potuit, id quod Tu facis, ut nobiliſſimum animal, & poſt homines, omnium ſagaciſſimum, rationis quodammodò particeps eſſet, & tantùm non humanâ dignum ſocietate: Quod, ſi Poetarum Princeps nudum Equitis epitheton, conſultiſſimo fortiſſimóque Viro dignum decus, & Neſtori ſuo par crediderit, quo Te nomine inſigniemus, Clariſſime Marchio, eoſdem &*

annos

annos meritum quos Ἱπποτα Νέςωρ *transegit, & meliorem, si contigerit usquam, famæ Tuæ præconem. Quod solum nostræ opis est, magnos inter scientiarum instauratores Te meritò suspicimus, & post divinam illam sanctissimi Regis, proximè reponimus Icones Tuas; Optimo quidem jure, ut, qui strenuus olim Regiæ Majestatis assertor eras & vindex, eidem esses cum Rege Tuo, quantum in nobis est, æternitati sacer: Id insuper vovemus alacres, magna nos & amplitudini Vestræ devotissima Societas; Ita Tu nobis usque faveas, Illustrissime Heros* Apollinaris. *& Musæ omnes Marchionissa Tua.*

Johan. Pearson, Magist. Coll.
Clem. Nevil.
Theod. Crosland.
Anth. Marshall.
Georgius Chamberlaine.
Franciscus Barton.
Robertus Crane.
Guliel. Lynnet.
Gualterus Catsby.

Dat. è Coll. S.S. & Individuæ *Trin.* 4 Cal. *Febr.* 1663.

My Lord,

BEsides the publick acknowledgement of the great honour done to the University, in adorning their Library with your Excellencies own most exact, and renowned Works; The Duty of my place calls upon me to let your Honor know, that as this singular Grace, and Favour is

highly resented by all; so by none more particularly acknowledged, and admired then, by

My LORD

Your Excellencies

most observant Servant

James Fletewood.

K. C. C. Jan. 16. 1663.

ILLUSTRISSIME MARCHIO,

MIrificè tenemur immensæ laudis & Artis opere, quod nupèr imputâsti seculo, & Almæ Cantabrigiæ, *dono dedisti; tantum enim, ac tam certum eruditionis argumentum & Academiæ pergratum, & gloriâ tuâ dignum uno omnes ore agnoscimus: Nec alio fortasse Nobis, Posterisve opus erit Theatro, quo summâ cum veneratione tam Fortunæ, quàm Animi tui magnitudinem intueamur. Nomen quidem aliquod, decúsque olim in hoc studio fuit* Xenophontis, & Balbi, & Simonis Athenienſis; *ceterùm ex quo luculentissima res,* Novo-Castrensis *Methodus in lucem prodiit, Autores istos nec miramur admodum, nec desideramus, ne Veterum fæces cum hodierno flore miscere videamur. Si verò merito suo celebretur* Thessalia, *quòd* Marti *sacrum Animal effudit, Ulláne unquam Oratio Excellentissimo Marchioni par esse poterit, cujus ingenio non Equum jam aliquem singularem, sed Equestrem Scientiam totam debemus? Nondùm nobis (Invictissime Domine) nondùm excidère discrimina, quæ totiès in acie Regiarum copiarum Ductor subiisti: Verùm quià virtutem, & fidem, & triumphos tuos abundè loquuntur, quotquot Heroas,*

& arma frequentant, nos Academicis ſpaciis innutriti, ac literarum omnium amantes in Equeſtri Apparatu toti ſumus, ubi cuncta ſubtilitèr accuratè, expreſſéque arbitraris: Appellamus Ælios, *ac* Perſios *noſtrates; appellamus etiam (ſi placet) Exteros, qui poſthabitis ubique ſuis Magiſtris, Unum Te conſulunt, unum audiunt, unum verſant, & ſuum quiſque Quadrupedem ad nutum, obruſsámque tuam caſtigant. Quantum ad Alumnos togæ, & ſi ferè (quæ fortunæ noſtræ malignitas eſt) vix ultra jumentum ſapimus meritorium; tamen extremum Diſcipulorum tuorum agmen claudere non erubeſcimus, ab* Hipparcho *longè omnium humaniſſimo moniti, hodiè primùm in alieno foro peregrinamur, Circum ingredimur, in quatuordecim ſedemus, equiria ſpectamus; neque tamen aut* Xanthum, *aut* Cyllarum, *aut* Incitatum, *aut* Pegaſum *ipſum ampliùs, ſed quem Tu ſeligis, alis, inſtruis, abſolvis, Caballum admiramur,*

Excellentiæ tuæ addictiſſimi

PROCANCELLARIUS

reliquuſque Senat. *Acad. Cantab.*

Cantabrigiæ è frequenti Senatu 9 *Cal. Februar.* 1663.

ILLUSTRISSIME PRINCEPS,

UT Tibi uſque ſuppetat nova nobis benefaciendi materia, deerat quippe Collegio noſtro necdum abſoluto & ad faſtigium bonâ fide perducto ultima manus, & exacti probè operis Complementum. Habitavimus quidem hucúſque, maximâ cum Tuæ Illuſtriſſimæ Familiæ Gloriâ, eleganter & ſplendidè ſatis, quantum è re noſtrâ eſſet, & liceret per temporum Literis infenſorum incuriam. Suſtinent ſe for-

fortiter ſatis muri noſtri, nec ruinam minitantur, aut admittunt (niſi quà decet) ſolem: nec diſpuderet Illuſtriſſimam Comitiſſam Salopienſem *ſui Operis, cujus firmitati in tam grande Collegii noſtri Ornamentum tot anni ſuffragantur. Sed deerat adhùc, quæ tranſeuntibus memoriam tanti beneficii refricaret; Honoratiſsimæ Principis Effigies, & quaſi Vicaria Inſpectrix tanti ædificii, noſtræque in bonis ſtudiis profectionis. Et noſtrî nos puduit veſci frugibus, nec arborem ſuſpicere, unde tanta nobis beneficia decidebant. Ergo per Te licuit, Illuſtriſsime Princeps, nobis non jure impingi poſſe Ingratitudinis notam: & jam ex voto collocata in Collegii noſtri tholo nobiliſsimæ Amitæ tuæ Effigies, nos animabit indies, quaſi novus loci Genius, & tantæ præſentiæ Conſcientia urgebit nos porrò in hoc literarum certamine, ne inutiles vixiſſe videamur, aut pœniteret olim Illuſtriſſimam Heroinam, inter tot gaudia, quibus in Cœlo jam fruitur, feciſſe nobis hæc otia, hanc Domum, alterámque à Sereniſsimâ P. M. Principe* Margareta *Fundatrice noſtra habuiſſe hujus Collegii Procurationem. Et quidem, ne fecerimus hoc ante, & obſignatum Teſtati ſimus tanti beneficii gratitudiníſque noſtræ nomen, obſtitit bellorum rabies infenſa Principibus, Familiæ Tuæ, Literíſque (Heu nimis) in univerſum omnibus. Licuit nobis tantùm inſpicere defoſſum ſat altè in ſacris hiſce ædibus locum Illuſtriſſimæ* Mariæ Salopienſis *Statuæ deſtinatum, & ingemiſcere, tantum potuiſſe delirans in rabiem uſque iſthoc ſeculum in pientiſsimam Nobiliſsimæ Fœminæ memoriam, in Literas bonas noſtrámque omnium Gratitudinem. Nec tamen deteretur aliquid de Illuſtriſsimæ Comitiſſæ Gloria, dum nobis (ſerò licèt) detur eſſe Gratis, dum perennaverit Collegium noſtrum, Honoratiſſimæ Principis Statuæ inſcriptum: Et ne ſola ſint*

Fluvio-

Fluviorum quorundam miracula, discurrere scilicet lato alveo in lascivientem riparum viriditatem, deindè subducere se ex oculis, & acto per occulta aliquorum millium cursu emergere rursùs, & vindicare sese in superiorem magnitudinem: emicabit meliùs post tot annorum intervallum Illustrissimæ Comitissæ fama, & quantum licet per gratissimam nostram beneficii in nos Ejus Commemorationem, majorem sibi conciliabit è longinquo Reverentiam. Si audeamus hæc tantáque spondere in Mortuorum memoriam, quo ergò Tibi, Illustrissime Princeps, superstiti adhuc (bono cum Deo) satisfiet à nobis, cui tam solenne est, & hæreditarium tot beneficiis Collegii nostri vota, & omnia Honoris suffragia demereri? Ut autem serum sit Lacrymosum illud alterum defuncti olim Herois celebrandi, & posteros nostros potiùs maneat officium; ut diù faveas nostro nomini; dedoceátque hæc tempora immanem illam in Literas feritatem summa illa Comitas Tua, quâ tot exteros Principes Tibi conciliâsti, expugnâsti Invidiam, nullum Tibi infensum reddidisti, nisi communem omnium hostem, in votis summè est,

Illustrissime Princeps,

Clementiæ Tuæ devotissimis Clientibus

Magistro & Sociis Collegii

D. *Joannis* Evangelistæ

in Academiâ *Cantabrigiensi.*

MOST EMINENT PRINCE,

ON whom to father the rare, and admirable Method of Horſmanſhip, that ſingular, and uſeful Invention, which hitherto ſo many Nations, and ſo many ſeveral Societies of men, and ſo many Commanders in chief, have earneſtly deſired, though Strangers peradventure may, yet of all men alive We of the Univerſity cannot be to ſeek; becauſe every ſingle line, that *Apelles* draws, ſerves us for a ſufficient Character, and Cognizance of the Artificer: But in regard of our unfeigned, and unalterable Zeal for the Duke of *Newcaſtles* honour, We did heretofore (if your Highneſs remember) now and then entreat, and beſeech you not to ſuppreſs any longer (than neceſſity required) ſo learned, and uſeful, and compleat a Work. In that humble petition of ours whether we did as became us, or no, we determine not: only (with leave) we ſuppoſe that the reaſonableneſs alone of our importunity prevailed at length with, and overcame a General otherwiſe abſolute, and altogether invincible. Whereupon at this day (by your Princely favour) we ſee and with exceeding delight (as occaſion is) peruſe a ſecond demonſtration of your abilities, expoſed now to publick view, for the benefit of all generous and high-ſpirited men in *Europe*, ſo that no man hereafter may dream of any Perſon in any Place whatſoever, more Noble, or (in what part of Learning you pleaſe) more an accompliſhed Maſter, than your moſt Excellent ſelf: for, as if in the former Volume you had only vouchſafed us a taſt to whet our Stomachs, you now ſpread, and furniſh a Royal Table with all ſorts of Delicacies;

you

you now gratify the appetite of your Countrey-men; you now encounter, and anſwer the enquiry of *Cambridge* Philoſophers, in whoſe judgement your laſt adventure ſeems always to be the moſt Glorious. If they will enter the Liſts, and compare, we challenge not only theſe old Profeſſors, *Bellerophon*, *Seſoſtris*, and *Sarmenes*, but alſo the later Authors of greateſt account in *France*, and *Italy*, *Pignatellus*, *Labrovius*, and *Griſon*. Let them altogether appear, and either they muſt immediately vaniſh, or elſe ingenuouſly bluſh that they are but once named in the ſame day with matchleſs *Cavendiſh*. And although they may ſeem, at firſt, ſomewhat more than ordinarily concerned, to be thus at length reduced, yet as ſoon as ever they hear the Name of Duke *William*, they bow to your Sovereignty, and falling infinitely ſhort of your Glory, they confeſs you the moſt abſolute and only Maſter, and themſelves your Pupils. But why do we mention theſe ſeveral Dreſſers, when as (if we look abroad) we may daily ſee both Kings and Princes reſorting to your Palace, condeſcending to ſit at your Feet, and intreating you as their Oracle to declare unto them, firſt where and of what Race to chuſe a Horſe for the Mannage, and then how to Feed, and Order, and Mount, and to Work, and Raiſe, and Stay, and Ride in all Voltoes, and Corvetts, Forward, Backward, Side-ways, on both hands, juſt as the Rider directs. For this ſame purpoſe, and in order only to be Matriculated into the Duke of *Newcaſtle's* Academy, the renowned Cavaleers of all Orders attend, whether they be Knights of the *Golden Fleece*, in *Burgundy*, or the Knights of of St. *Michael*, in *France*, or the Knights of the

An-

Annunciation in *Savoy*, or the Knights *Batchelors*, the Knights of the *Bath*, and the Knights of the *Garter*, in *England*: for all agree to learn of you, to Back, to Sit, and Ride, as you direct; and whensoever at a loss, or puzled, or in dispute to acknowledge you the only Governour, and Dictator, and Umpire, and such a Master of Horse, as can (when you please) infuse sense, and reason not only into Men, but also into Brutes. Most deservedly therefore shall you (Great Sir) in your Book entertain, and exercise the Studies not only of this, but likewise of succeeding Generations, as we confidently presage, and promise our selves, who are

Your Graces most Humble

and most Devoted Servants,

The VICE-CHANCELLOR

and the whole Senate of

the University of *Cambridge.*

Cambridge, March. 13. 1667.

EMINENTISSIME PRINCEPS,

UNde sit equestris Methodus, Illa tot Gentibus, tot hominum contuberniis, tot Imperatoribus expetita Gaza, minimè omnium miramur; nam Apellem *statìm ex lineæ subtilitate. Verùm, quia Te singularitèr adamamus, quod elucubratus es, laboriosum, & doctum Opus ne semper intra* Vestæ *penetralia concluderes, sæpè (si meministi) pluribúsque verbis interpellavimus: recténe, an perperàm, Ipse videris; certè postulationis nostræ æquitate victus es, & expugnatus tandèm Dux aliàs insuperabilis; hinc*

hinc alterum videmus, & beneficiò tuo obtinemus excellentis ingenii periculum, quod in Europæ *totius Theatro facere dignaris, Ne quis in posterum imaginetur Uno Te quicquam esse uspiàm aut generosius, aut (quâ parte velis) eruditius. Etenim quasi superiori Volumine salivam tantùm nobis movisses, Mensam nunc instruis uberiorem, nunc Civium quoque desiderium exples, nostræque Philosophorum expectationi satisfacis, quibus proxima quæque tua non possunt non videri consummatissima. Conferant se (neque enim repugnamus) non modò Veteres illi* Bellerophon, Sesostris, Sarmenes; *sed hesterni (si placet) Domitores* Itali, Gallive, Pignatellus, Labrovicus, Grison; *quid? Velut Umbræ diffugiunt; & quamvis in argumento nobili dolent sibi palmam præripi, tamen, ubi Nomen audiunt* Gulielmi Ducis, *agnoscunt numen, longéque infra* Cavendishi *laudes jacentes, summum Illum, unicunque Magistrum, se verò contrà fatentur. Sed quorsùm tergeminos, Agitatores loquimur? Cùm Reges etiam, & Terrarum Domino cernamus ad Te convolantes, Te (præstantissime Moderator) affectantes, Te consulentes, interrogantésque, ut ab Origine primâ repetas, discernas, expendas quâ Regione, stirpéque veniat Bellator Sonipes, quomodo parandus, alendus, erudiendus, curandus, insiliendus, erigendus, admittendus, compescendus, & in omnem partem pro arbitrio flectendus; nec alio fine, quàm ut in tuam Unius Academiam adscribantur, limen jam tuum obsident sacri (quotquot in honore) Collegæ, sive Aurei Velleris apud* Burgundos, *sive S.* Michaelis *apud* Gallos, *sive* Annuntiationis *apud* Sabaudos, *sive denique Periscelidis, aut Balnei, aut Ordinis Aurati in Patriâ: Nam tuum ad nutum se componunt, tuis auspiciis inscendunt, & equitant, & quotiescunque vel delirant, vel abdi-*

tum aliquid, abſtruſúmque quærunt, omnibus, & ſingulis Tu Rector, Tu Theſaurus, Tu Dictator es, & Princeps juventutis, qui non hominibus jam ampliùs, ſed Brutis ipſis mentem, animúmque inſpiras. Quocirca tuis laboribus non ſolùm hujus ſeculi, verum etiam omnis ævi ſtudia exercebis, quemadmodum in anteceſſum ſibi pollicentur.

Eminentiæ tuæ cupientiſſimi

PROCANCELLARIUS

reliquuſque Senat. *Acad. Cantab.*

Cantabrigiæ è frequenti Senatu 3 *Id. Martias* 1667.

Eminentiſſimo Illuſtriſſimóque Principi, *Gulielmo* Duci, Marchioni, Comiti *Novo-Caſtrenſi*, &c.

EMINENTISSIME PRINCEPS,

REcenſere ſingulos quos nactus es Titulos operæ res eſſet difficilioris, quos autem mereris prorſus infinitæ; Publica Tua in Univerſum Orbem merita hunc noſtrum præcipuè Britannicum *quanta ſint vel hinc licet conjicere, quòd privata in nos Tua pro dignitate exprimere ſoliciti etiamnùm ſimus neutiquam valeamus: Silentio tamen præterire beneficia ſatis quia laudare non poſſumus, à leviori nos eſſet culpâ expedire majoríſque criminis reatum contrahere, ingratos palàm profiteri, ne in dicendo rudes videamur. Tentandum igitur eſt aliquid etſi parum ſuccedat, in magnis utique voluiſſe ſat eſt; Voluntati licet impar ſit potentia, impotentiam officioſa excuſabit voluntas. Ignoſcas itaque, Princeps Illuſtriſſime, ſi devoti ſuſpiciamus virtutes Tuas, quas vel noviſſe tibi uni omnes acceptum referimus; ſi mirari ſubeat tuæ in*

cæteris

cæteris potentiæ præſtantiam, qui vel Equos potiùs es reddere ipſorum cuſtodibus ſi non omnino pares, parùm ſaltem inferiores; Tua in ipſos uſque adeò cùm arte valet induſtria quod tantùm non efficias ut humana ſocietate digni videantur, quos niſi ſola deficeret loquela, conquerentes audiremus ſe injuriâ rationis participes non haberi, quùm à Te edocti maximum in Republica ſint Belli præſidium, maximum ibidem Pacis ornamentum. Solus ergò qui potes, tanta pergas perficere, Vive diu, tibimetipſi ſoli diúque ſimilis, Ornes inventis Orbem, Conſilio Regem juves, Patriam auxilio incolumen præſtes, & nos Tui ſtudioſiſſimos Tuo uſque Patricinio tuearis.

Johan. Pearſon, Magiſt. Coll.
Georgius Chamberlaine, V^ti.
Clem. Nevil.
Rich. Boreman.
Guliel. Baylie.
Robertus Crane.
Humph. Babington.
Rich. Stedman.
Robertus Scott.

Dat. è Coll. S.S. & Individuæ *Trin.* 5 Cal. *April.* 1668.

Excellentiſſimo Invictiſſimóque Principi, *Gulielmo* Duci *Novo-Caſtrenſi, &c.*

ILLUSTRISSME CELSISSIMEQUE PRINCEPS,

QUàm gratum animi cultum affectúmque, cùm univerſa togatorum gens, tum Muſæ preſertim DEO *Triuni* ſacræ, *Familiæ Tuæ* debeant & enixè devovent, ut non tam ex verbis, quæ longo

longo post linquis intervallo, quàm ex causis, quarum Ipse Author es æstimare velis, à Clementia Tua demisse obsecramus. Enimvero, ut taceamus ingentia dona in literatos jugiter collata, tum præclara ista, quibus, unà cum forulis nostris tantùm non succumbimus, volumina, novis nos urges & oneras gratiaum argumentis, beneficia beneficiis pertegis, & quo majus plenè excogitando non poteras, Teipsum donas. Quo quidem introeunte, videtur Bibliotheca nostra, Vestræ veluti Magnitudinis æmula, augustiorem multò speciem inducere; & ne quid adventûs desit solennitati, sponte sedibus suis se movent minorum gentium Heroës, certatim ad unum omnes assurgunt, & facto agmine in angustias ruunt, ut Tibi locum officiose cedant. Quos inter Antesignanus Cæsar, Britannorum *olim hostis acerrimus, herbam Tibi promptissimè porrigit, priorem lubens agnoscit, & serò tandem intelligit difficilem fuisse de Insula nostra victoriam, utpote quæ Tui similes, & Te tulerit. Sed defunctorum istæ gratulationes, & superstiti etiamdum Principi minùs accommodatæ: Quòd verò per ora hominum domi forisque volitas, quòd celebria Tua dicta, & res palàm gestæ, omnium oculos aureisque trahant, & tanquam syderum influxus ubique præstò sint, id imprimis Excellentissimæ Heroinæ* Margaretæ *Tuæ, tum fidelissimo Illius Interpreti meritissimò ferimus acceptum. O factum bene ut quæ posteris æternùm profutura sunt, ab oculatâ teste, & individuâ rerum Tuarum Sociâ exarata transmitterentur; ut quæ orbe Terrarum conscio perpetrata sunt, linguâ gentibus communi celebrentur; ut totius denuò* Europæ *Magnates* Novo-Castrii Vitam *tanquam virtutis omnigenæ Exemplum, legant, suspiciant, imitentur. Quod nostrum est interea,* DEUM *Opt. Max. suppliciter oramus, Ut ætati*

tati Tuæ quàm plurimos porrò annos propitius adjiciat, quibus veneranda Principis Senectus, quaſi redditâ juventute, revireſcat, & uberrimam novæ inſuper Hiſtoriæ materiem poſteris ſuppeditet.

Ità vovere indies non deſinimus,

Celſitudini Veſtræ devotiſſimi

Joann. Pearſon, Magiſt. Coll.
Geo. Chamberlaine, V.M.
Clem. Nevill.
Guliel. Baylie.
Rob. Crane.
Humph. Babington.
Guliel. Lynnet.
Rich. Stedman.
Jo. Hawkins.

Dat. *Cantab.* à Coll. S.S. atque Individ. *Trin. Junii* 19. 1669.

QVod uſque adeò inclareſcas, Illuſtriſſime Princeps, quæque dudum Nominis Veſtri celebritas meritò videbatur ſumma, major quotidiè fiat, ſeriò illud Tibi, illud & nobis, ſi per Te liceat, Collegium nos Veſtrum Superbè gratulamur. Quin pateris, Heros Ampliſſime, otia Veſtra nunquam non occupatiſſima & à nobis interpellari, inque tantâ omnium adeundi vos ſalutandique contentione, ne Tuorum, ne domeſticos, humiles licèt, applauſus dedigneris. Dum famam Veſtram omnes ubique prædicant rapiúntque ſuas ad partes Nominis Veſtri gloriam, dum Britannia *ſibi Te dum Academia vendicat, quidni & nos, quibus, utpote minoribus, tantum Patrocinium & de-*

esse & deberi videatur, Te nostrum (quale nobis Decus & Ornamentum!) gloriemur? At nec fas est credere Amplitudinem Vestram ablatam nobis velle tam justam gloriandi Ansam, quum illud solum summis Vestris in nos Beneficiis egisse hucusque videaris, ne Tantus è nobis prodiisse Heros difficulter nimis olim crederetur. Versabamus manu animóque sedulo quæ apud nos sui Ingenii Vestræque vitæ Gestorum Elegantissima Monumenta deposuerat, Serenissima Princeps Consors Vestra Præclarissima, moramur singulis Paginis, Summa quæque, hoc est, omnia notamus, haurimus oculis quæ olim famâ nobis plurimum, non tamen satis innotuerant, dumque vivi vivum legimus, placidè perfruimur, & nostro & posterorum bono; & cum illâ in Re toti sumus opportunè supervenit Præstantissimum Tui Testimonium Egregium illud hodiè Bibliothecæ nostræ, imo Vestræ, Ornamentum. Accepimus Clarissime Ducum, hoc honoris & amoris Vestri Argumentum eâ, quâ par erat & reverentiâ & gratitudine. Reposuimus Librum Illum inter reliquam Musarum supellectilem; nec erit in posterum quòd malè audiamus quasi ex literis emollescerent nimium hominum animi, & non è nobis prodiret quisquam nisi rebus gerendis ineptior, cum Tu, Fortissime Dux, ducis Musarum Choros, exerces juventutem Academicam, excitas animos, regulásque ponis, quibus ad ardua quæque obeunda vel interlegendum assuefiant. Profuisti hucusque Patriæ populóque Vestro factis usúque rerum, quod cum ulterius nec licet nec opus est, ea Tu inter Pacis otia documenta tradis, quibus transeunt ad posteros Utiles artes; & ad quæ hujus Saculi homines per Exemplum, ad ea posteri ex præcepto vestro instituantur: nec ullum profectò magno Principe Immortalitatem merituro dignius benefaciendi genus quam quod in posteros erogatur:

Non-

Nondum Senuisti Præstantissime Dux, etsi emeritus, mereris tamen: Aciem instruis, disponis militem, exercitum ducis, & quicquid ad Victoriam docti Equi fortésque equites valuerunt unquam, & valuerunt plurimùm, illud Tu vel inter otia & ludos meditaris: firmasti imperium hominum, Animalque nobis impar & Potentissimum ad usus nostros Amplitudo vestra feliciter efformavit. Quin macte virtute Vestra Dux Optime; instrue Tu tua tempora, ut deponant hodiè homines omnem morum feritatem, vel se fateantur ultrò ipsis Brutis immaniores. Hæc sunt otia Vestra; fruaris itaque Pace & Recessu illo, Serus in Cœlum redeas, Sisque diu quod hodiè experimur, Ingens Britanniæ *decus, literarum præsidium, & perillustre antiquæ virtutis exemplum pariter & firmamentum: Illa, prosperáque omnia Amplitudini Vestræ precamur.*

Devotissimi Tibi

Dat. è Collegio prædicto 3 *Cal. Aprilis*, 1668.

Magister & Socii Collegii

D. *Joannis* Evangelistæ

in Academiâ *Cantabrigiensi.*

VEstris imprimis auxiliis debemus, Illustrissime Princeps, quòd Nobilissima Domina, Salopiæ *Comitissa, justis suis apud nos honoribus, quibus diù fraudata est, gaudeat jam tandem, & triumphet. Te autem, cui meritò in Bello maximi, in pace optimi contigit titulus, apud Reges, summósque Principes Equestris statuæ manet sedes, & expectat gloria. Tam magna præstitit Celsitudo Tua, ut in solâ virtute sperari possint præmia, & contenta sit tantùm meruisse. Nulli autem rectiùs sciunt, aut digniores*

sunt

ſunt, qui respublicas adminiſtrent, quàm qui vehementiùs averſantur & minimè volunt. Perduellium in Angliâ *nullibi fiet mentio ſine veſtri nominis virtute & ſummâ laude, nec vel in diſſitiſſimis terris tam horrificum belli fulmen latere potuit. Non mediocris nos honoris & ſuperbiæ tangit ſenſus, cum cogitemus ea apud nos olim ſcientiæ, prudentiæ, & invicti animi ſe prodidiſſe ſpecimina, quæ hodiè pleno eluceſcunt jubare. Magnus ex Illuſtriſſimâ Familiâ contigit honos, qui autem è propriâ virtute ſequitur longè adhuc major eſt. Clarum virtutis & gloriæ facem, quam Celſitudini Tuæ Parentes prætulerunt, lucidiorem tradet poſteris. Superiores noſtri ad nos detulerunt, quo animo & ſtudio nos ſimul & bonas literas, dum hîc moram traheres, proſequebaris; id inſuper nos in poſterum unicè curabimus, ut ea, quæ hodiè de Te habetur opinio, incorrupta ad ſeros uſque nepotos deſcendat, & diutiſſimè vivat. Ut autem egregia illa, quâ maximè gaudes et fulges inclareſcat indies benefaciendi indoles, eam ipſis parietibus noſtris inſcribi obnixè petimus, utpotè quæ hac ratione ultra mortalitatis fatum ſit duratura. Eorum in numero nos ſumus, quibus ſtultitiæ nota inuritur, quòd ædificare cæperint, neſciunt autem perficere. Utinam non ita verum eſſet infortunium, quod vetat quo minùs hoc in nos quadret infame dedecus. Nobis enim non contemnendam pecuniæ ſummam teſtamento ſuo legavit vir quidam Optimus, quam huic uſui deſtinavimus, ille autem, cujus fidei commiſſa erat fatis nuper ceſſit, & an cum illo ſepulta prorſùs ſit, nondum ſatis intellegimus. In luto igitur relicti, à Te, aliiſque quibus propentior ad benignitatem animus eſt, oſtiatim emendicare cogimur, ut miſerè claudicanti jam operi aliquale ſaltem præſtetis auxilium. Non magna meditamur, non invidioſa arte extructa, non excelſis*

excelsis & variegatis columnis suffulta, non cælatis laquearibus elaborata, nec marmore fulgentia designamus tecta. Quod aggredimur, non superbiæ aut luxûs, sed necessitatis opus est. Extremi enim Collegii parietes miserè nutant, & hianti ore ruinas minantur, ita ut hoc quod novum est quasi fulcrum & pulvinar sibi postulâsse videantur. At angustiores insuper sedes nostræ sunt quàm ut succrescenti Musarum soboli sufficiant. Quare, si benevolentia Vestra lapides cum Deucalione post tergum jaecit, numerosiores exurgent juvenes, atque adeò plures vestri Cultores. Det Deus integrum semper, quo jam gaudes, animum, corpus agile & vividam, senectutem tardam, vel quæ nihil habeat senectutis præter ipsam prudentiam. Sic Precantur,

Celsitudinis Vestræ humillimi Oratores,

Cal. Mart. 1671.

Magister, Socii & Scholares

Collegii Divi *Johannis* Evangelistæ

in Academiâ CANTABRIGIENSI.

EMINENTISSIME PRINCEPS,

NOn ubique locorum negliguntur, aut algent Musæ; nam Tu foves indiès, & Almæ Parenti studes adhuc: imò verò, constantèr adeo, prolixèque studes, ut quò voluntatem istam egregiam in ævum retineres, propter incredibilem naturæ tuæ benignitatem ne quidem sis admonendus; etenim sponte tuâ ruis in amplexus Academiæ, nec ullum officii genus omittendum tibi censes. At in Literis honestandis, in exornandâ Virtute dum ita tempus omne tuum traducis, ad summam profectò laudem, gloriámque

contendis: contendis autem (ut ſoles) magnis itineribus, & expedito planè curſu, quoniam Armarium Cantabrigiæ *non* Hipparcho *jam ampliùs, aut Effigie tuâ vernaculâ ſolùm, verùm etiam Latinis Commentariis locupletas: Commentarios illos intelligimus (ſi placet) accuratos, & ſanè quàm venuſtos, in quibus excellentiſſima* Margareta *perpetuam Rerum geſtarum, Eventorumque tuorum Hiſtoriam condit. Quanti verò apud nos ponderis ſit exquiſitiſſima Lucubratio, noli quærere Dux eximie; neque enim Ipſe neſcis, & nos certè Oratione noſtrâ nequimus explicare. Id potiùs nunc agimus, ut Theatrum illud Honoris eadem operâ* Cantabrigiæ, *Tibi Seculòque gratulamur:* Cantabrigiæ *primùm, nihil jucundius eſſe poteſt, quàm Pericula & Labores evolvere Imperatoris tanti, quantus Ipſe non Unius jam* Britanniæ, *ſed omnium conſenſu gentium & es, & haberis: deinde. Tibi benè ominamur, quia Tibi (quod nec* Achilli Homerico, *nec* Hectori Næviano, *contigit) ad memoriæ dignitatem abundè ſufficit à laudatiſſimâ Principe laudari, Quæ Te non ità tamen Immortalitati commendavit, ut non ipſa quoque in Te commendando propriam Ingenii gratiam ſit conſecuta: poſtremò, gratulamur huic Seculo, quod penè ſolus illuſtras, qui vel ſolus (conſummatiſſime Dux) quodlibet ſeculum illuſtrare poſſes.*

Eminentiæ tuæ addictiſſimi

PROCANCELLARIUS

reliquuſque Senat. *Acad. Cantab.*

Cantabrigiæ è frequenti Senatu 10 *Cal. Junii* 1669.

Moſt

MOST EMINENT PRINCE,

THat Scholars are not every where, nor altogether neglected, your Grace is one of our greateſt *Inſtances*; for as occaſion ſerves you condeſcend, and vouchſafe both to countenance, and encourage us. And this you do, as with all imaginable ſucceſs, ſo likewiſe with ſuch wonderful obligingneſs, and conſtancy, that for a continual inſtigation thereto (we ſee) you need not the leaſt item from us; for that purpoſe the goodneſs of your own Nature, and the nobleneſs of your Spirit is abundantly ſufficient. But whileſt in this manner you regard Learning, and embelliſh Virtue, you give the World to know, that you are neither a Stranger to, nor unacquainted with the direct Road to Honour, and Glory; And thither indeed only you march with ſuch expedition and conduct, that you have already (beyond what an Univerſity can write) enriched our publick Treaſury with ſome laſting Monuments of your Skill and Gallantry. Shall we beg leave to remember your Book of Horſmanſhip, which we love to peruſe and boaſt of to Strangers? Or will you permit us, with all thankfulneſs, to name your laſt Favour, that accurate and faithful Hiſtory (which the moſt Excellent *Margaret* hath writ) of your Life, and Actions? In what eſteem the former Work is among us all, we have already declared; and what we think of the latter, ask us not (we pray you) moſt incomparable Duke; for you know very well, and we cannot, in any words of ours, ſufficiently expreſs. Only we preſume at preſent to congratulate ſo fair a Theatre of Honour to the Univerſity of *Cambridge*, and to your ſelf, and to this

this whole Generation of men altogether: First, to the University, which cannot but with exceeding satisfaction read over the Atchivements, and Hazards of so famous a General, as you are, and as all Brave Men acknowledge you to be: for your own sake in the next place we rejoyce, because (which neither *Homer*'s *Achilles*, nor *Xenophon*'s *Cyrus*, nor *Nævius* his *Hector* attained to) your Actions are registred by an unparrelled Princess, who yet hath not so transcribed your image, as not therein to interline, and insert a very legible Portraiture of her own Wit, and Parts: Last of all, we must needs be glad for the lustre, and advantage of this present Generation, which now almost shines alone in You, most accomplished Prince, who of your self alone are sufficient to have ennobled any other Generation of men whatsoever. Long therefore may you live in this reputation. So we Pray, and remain,

Most Excellent Prince,

Your Graces most Humble

and most Affectionate Servants,

The VICE-CHANCELLOR

and the whole Senate of

the University of *Cambridge.*

Cambridge, May 22.
1669.

Madam

MADAM,

THe worthy preſent which your Excellency hath been pleaſed to make me by Mr. *Slaughter*, hath ſtrucken me into new admiration of your goodneſs and knowledge. The firſt, that you are pleaſed to retain ſo obliging a memory of a Perſon that can no ways merit ſo huge a Favour: And for the ſecond, every Page in your excellent Book, affordeth abundant matter. I think my ſelf exceeding happy that I live in the age which is bleſſed with the preſence of ſo brave a Perſon as you are, Madam; who as you are the Ornament of this, will be the Envy of all future ones. But your Excellency loveth as little to hear your own Praiſes, as you do much to deſerve the greateſt. Therefore I will not adventure upon that impoſſible task, but ſhall reduce my ſelf into my own Orbe of Humility and thankfulneſs, for this great Honour you have been pleaſed to do me, aſſuring your Excellency with all, that you could not have deigned it to any man living, who is more than I am,

MADAM,

Your Excellencies moſt Humble

and moſt Obedient Servant,

Kenelme Digby.

Paris, June 9. 1657.

I Crave leave of your Excellency, that I may preſent here my moſt humble and obliged Reſpects, to my Noble Lord, my Lord Marquis your Husband.

MADAM,

I received your Honours Letter, and the Books according to your Command, and had not a fatal Sickneſs for a long time confined me to my Chamber, and made me unfit for any buſineſs, (and much more to Write to ſo Illuſtrious a perſon) I had long e're this returned my moſt humble, and hearty Thanks for that infinite Honour you were pleaſed to do me (a poor impertinent thing in Black) in deigning to write, and truſt me with the diſtribution of your Favours (or magnificence rather) to the Univerſity. Your Books were received (as indeed they ought) with very much reſpect, and gratitude, and I am commanded by the ſeveral Colledges to returne their humbleſt Thanks to your Honour. I inſcribed every Book before I gave it to the reſpective Colledges, with ſuch an Inſcription as Poſterity might know who was their Benefactor. For inſtance, that to *Magdalene* Colledge, thus,

....*Liber Collegii Divæ Magdalenæ, ex Dono Illuſtriſſimæ Heroinæ* Margaretæ Novo-Caſtrenſis *Marchioniſſæ, Authoris.*

What this ſignifies your Honour may eaſily know. I humbly beg your Honours Pardon for this confident, and (I fear) impertinent Scrible of,

MADAM,

Your Honours moſt Obliged

Humble Servant,

Thomas Barlow.

Q. Coll. Oxon.
*Mar.*24.1655.

Madam

MADAM,

YOur Honour pleaſed to Command two Books (lately compoſed by your Excellency) to be ſent to *Cambridge*, one to be placed in the Publick Library there, and the other to be beſtowed upon my ſelf, your Honours meaneſt Servant; It is and ſhall be my Care that this, together with that other formerly ſent, may remain a Monument to Poſterity of your Excellencies great worth and ſingular affection to our Univerſity, which I doubt not but will, for ever, be moſt gratefully acknowledged, by ſuch as ſhall frequent the Common Library, and eſpecially by him whom this great Favour hath rendered

Your Excellencies moſt Humble

Cambr. Octob. 22. 1656.

and Thankful Servant,

William Moore.

MADAM,

I have received, from your Excellence, the Book you ſent me by Mr. *Benoiſt*; which obliges me to trouble you with a ſhort expreſſion of my thanks, and of the ſenſe I have of your extraordinary Favour. For tokens of this kind are not ordinarily ſent but to ſuch as pretend to the title as well as to the mind of Friends. I have already read ſo much of it (in that Book which my Lord of *Devonſhire* has) as to give your Excellence an accout of it thus far, That it is filled throughout with more

and

and truer Idea's of Virtue and Honour than any Book of morality I have read. And if ſome Comique Writer, by converſation with ill People, have been able to preſent Vices upon the Stage more ridiculouſly and immodeſtly, by which they take their rabble, I reckon that amongſt your Praiſes. For that which moſt pleaſes lewd Spectators is nothing but ſubtile Cheating or Filch, which a high and noble mind endued with Virtue from it's Infancy can never come to the knowledge of. I Reſt

Your Excellencies

Febr. 9. 1661.

moſt humble Servant

Thomas Hobbes.

ILLUSTRIOUS PRINCESS,

I Received (by the hand of your ingenious Servant) that moſt noble Preſent, (thoſe excellent Books) you were pleaſed to ſend our Colledge, and (the meaneſt of your moſt obliged and thankful Servants) my ſelf. I confeſs I am (and for ever ſhould be) amazed at your Excellencies condeſcention, your great charity and magnificence to things ſo far below you, did I not well know that the greateſt goodneſs is moſt diffuſive; that thoſe Glorious Heavenly Bodies (even the Sun it ſelf) diſpence their Rayes and benign Influences to Vallies and little Villages, to Shrubs and Molehills, as well as Mountains, or the talleſt Cedars. I ſhall not call your Excellencies Books an addition to our private Library, but this a little acceſſion to them;

them; they being (like their Illuſtrious Author) a far greater Library of Arts and Ingenuity. Sure I am, even *Bodlies* Library cannot boaſt of any ſuch Donation, ſince King *James* ſent his Royal Works, and thoſe of his late Martyr'd Majeſty were placed there, nor is like to do, till Kings and your Excellency, write and ſend again: whoſe parts are not (in a tedious way) acquired, but infuſed; not got by Study, or a laborious induſtry, but given by the immediate and propitious Hand of Heaven, and therefore more Divine, like that firſt principle from whence they flow. We have a Manuſcript Author in *Bodlies* Library, who endeavors to ſhew, *That Women excell Men:* your Excellency has proved what he propoſed, has done what he indeavored, and given a demonſtrative argument to convince the otherwiſe unbelieving World. Your Works will be a juſt foundation of a laſting and immortal Honour to your ſelf; (but I fear) a reproach to our Sex and us, when Poſterity ſhall conſider, how little we have done with all our Reading and Induſtry, and how much your Excellency without them. I ſhall not indeavor (what this and after ages will) to commend your Writings (they are their own beſt Panegyrique) he that would do this well, ſhould have the genious and elocution of their great Author. My onely aim is, humbly to acknowledge a Debt I can never pay, and return the unfeigned thanks and gratitude of

(*Moſt Illuſtrious Princeſs*)

Your Excellencies moſt devoted

and moſt humble Servant,

Thomas Barlow.

Q. Coll. Oxon.
May 21. 1663.

T Madam

MADAM,

I received (a fortnight ago) your Honours Letter, and the Books you ſent; one to the Univerſity Library, one to the Vice-Chancellor, and another to my ſelf. Mr. Vice-Chancellor received your Book (as indeed he ought) with very much thankfulneſs, and ſenſe of the great Civility you had done him, and commanded me to return his reſpects, and hearty Thanks, which he would have done himſelf, but that both he and his Family hath been ſore viſited with Sickneſs (for almoſt a whole year) ſo that he has not been (nor now is) in a condition to write. The like thanks, and (if poſſible) infinitely more, I muſt return in behalf of the Univerſity, and my ſelf; being amazed at your goodneſs, and undeſerved Kindneſs, that a perſon ſo Illuſtrious, and (for place and parts ſo) Eminent, ſhould look upon ſo unconſiderable, and impertinent a thing in black, as I am, but that I know the Sun doth ſhine on Shrubs, as well as Cedars, and Princes many times caſt their Favours upon perſons infinitely below them; whence they can expect no return but gratitude; and when I fail to pay that Tribute (ſo juſtly due to your Honour) may I have your hate, which will be the greateſt curſe I am capable of. I have as yet only read one Story in your Book, and the Language, and Ingenuity of it, to me ſeems ſuch, that I am perſwaded the famous Monſieur *Scudeny* would wiſh himſelf the Author of it. If I miſtake not I think I told you in my laſt, that I had a Manuſcript Book in my keeping (for it was never yet Printed) which the Author intitles thus — *Womens Worth, or a Treatiſe*

tiſe proving by ſundry reaſons that Women excell Men. Many of my Sex will hardly believe it, yet I believe your Honour may prove the beſt Argument in the World to convince them of their infidelity. I humbly beg pardon for this rude and impertinent Scrible. That God Almighty would be pleaſed to bleſs you and all yours, is, and ſhall be, the conſtant Prayer, of

MADAM,

Your Honours moſt Obliged,

Humble Beadſman

Thomas Barlow.

Q. Coll. Oxon.
Sept. 3. 1656.

MADAM,

THat I have not long e're this made at leaſt ſome ſlender return of the meaneſt Gratitude, a verbal acknowledgement, I take the greater boldneſs now at length to Apologize; for that it is in no ſmall meaſure juſtly chargeable upon the Chain of thoſe grand Favours, wherewith (as the *Roman* Lady of old, with Bracelets and Jewels) I have been, by your Excellency, overwhelmed into an Extaſy. The truth of which is too much evidenced by an undeniable argument, that like ſuch as are newly rowſed out of a Trance, not yet fully returned to my ſelf, I now begin to talk Idly. Indeed I could not but deplore my own unhappineſs; as equally rack'd between two hateful extreams, Ingratitude and Preſumption, that can neither be ſilently grateful to ſo Noble a Benefactreſs

factreſs, without too palpable and diſingenuous unworthineſs, nor verbally thankful to ſo Illuſtrious a Princeſs without a Solæciſm; but that I am well aſſured your Excellencies Heroick Candor will at leaſt connive at the moſt rude, if cordial and humble, expreſſions of a moſt devoted mind. And ſuch (Madam) is that, I here with all ſubmiſſion preſent unto you, loaded with ſuch various Inſtances of your ſignal Favours, as never can (except we could ſuppoſe your Illuſtrious ſelf may) find out a Parrallel. That ſo mean, ſo obſcure a Perſon ſhould have the Honour of receiving firſt into his cuſtody ſo rich a Treaſure, as the genuine Product and Iſſue of ſo Noble a Mind; and then be commanded to divulge this his Glory, by preſenting them to a whole Univerſity in ſo Glorious a Name; that this Honour (a high Reward it ſelf) ſhould yet be further enhaunced by a ſplendid Gift, truly worthy the Grandure of the Donor, and that tranſmitted by that Golden Pen, which hath enricht the World with ſuch excellent variety of inimitable Writings; that a poor ſcanty Study ſhould ſwell into a Library, and become a Repoſitory for ſuch rich Volumes; —Pardon me (Madam) if at theſe reflections I wax proud, and be tranſported beyond the narrow compaſs of my contracted ſelf. Your Excellencies Bounty (a true Tranſcript of the Divine) creates, what it cannot find, a worthineſs in the Receiver, and ennobles him, whom it makes the object of generous Beneficence.

What Honourable reception your Excellencies former Works (in the poſſeſſion whereof each private Colledge-Library, as well as that publick one of the Univerſity, juſtly prides it ſelf, and boaſts its riches

riches) found amongſt us, as (indeed) by very few Acknowledgements then ſignified: How much more acceptable theſe latter Volumes are, ſilence alone can beſt tell. Few durſt before adventure upon ſo difficult a Task: and the Reaſon ſince that is more apparent and confirmed (if I may without prophanation make uſe of the moſt Illuſtrious Lord Marqueſs his Expreſſion) —*None now dares write a Letter.*—

What concernes my moſt unworthy ſelf, is, that I ſhall, in Teſtimony of my thankfulneſs, and as a perpetual monument of your Excellencies munificence to me when I die, tranſmit your noble Gift as a ſacred Heyre-loom to my Family, and whileſt I live, ſhew your Princely Hand as the Letters-Patents of my greateſt Honour, which is to have this leave of wholly devoting my ſelf ever to be

Illuſtrious Madam,

Your Excellencies moſt Humble

moſt Obedient, Obliged, and

Unworthy Servant, and Vaſſall

David Morton.

Madam,

SInce my laſt, I received by the hands of (your Grace's faithful Servant, and my worthy Friend) Dr. *Mayne*, two Copies of my Lord Duke's life, (writ by your Grace) one for our Colledge, and another for my ſelf. I cannot

but admire your Graces great goodneſs and condeſcention, your continued munificence and charity to us (excellent Virtues which I wiſh in all, but find in very few) which with all humility, and a deep ſenſe of the very many Obligations laid upon us, we thankfully acknowledge. He who thinks to requite, undervalues your Grace's Favours; which (like your eminent parts and place) are too great to admitt any proportionable returnes from us, beſides our conſtant Prayers and Gratitude; which (as in duty we ſtand bound) we ſhall duely pay. I have read your Graces Book, which is writ with ſo much evenneſs and proſpicuity of Stile, ſo much truth and generous impartiallity, as well becomes the (Illuſtrious perſons moſt concerned, the) great Subject and Author of it. His Grace's high Birth and Fortune, his unſtained Royalty to his Prince, his great Courage, and prudent Conduct, and ſuch other his Graces eminent Virtues have deſerved, and your Grace's Hand has built him a laſting Monument, which (when Pyramids of Braſs and Marble periſh, or, being Sacrilegiouſly removed and ſtoln, diſappear) will transfer both your Names and Honours to all Poſterity. That the good providence of Heaven would long preſerve and proſper your Grace (the honour of your Sex, and by your unparalel'd Virtues the reproach of ours) is the Prayer of

MADAM,

Your Grace's moſt Obliged,

Faithful and Humble Servant,

Thomas Barlow.

Q. Coll. Oxon.
Feb. 2. 1667.

Madame,

MADAME,

*JE ne puis attribuer l'honneur que Vous m'avez fait de m'envoyer Vos œuures, qu'a ceque vous avez ſceu qu'autres fois j'avois apporté icy d'*Angleterre *que ce qu'il y en avoit deja de publié. C'eſt, Madame, que j'honore infiniment la Vertu partout où je la deſcouvre, & qu'elle eſt encore plus a admirer en Voſtre Sexe & dans les Perſonnes de Voſtre qualité, que dans le noſtre, & parmis les ſcavants; Je la propoſe en exemple à toutes les Dames dont j'ay l'honneur de m'pprocher, & je prens maintenant la liberté, Madame, de vous feliciter du plaiſir que vous avez d'eſlever ſi fort voſtre ame par deſſus les autres, & de vous meſler ſi avant dans toutes les intrigues de l'Univers. C'eſt bien autre choſe que de n'ſtudier que celles d'une Cour, & que de ne choiſir des ornamens que ſurune toileté. Dieu veuille, Madame, qu'un ſi noble divertiſſement vous occupe tousjours, & que vous croyez auſi tousjours que je ſuis,*

MADAME,

A Paris le 3 d'Octob. 1669.

Voſtre tres Humble

& tres Obeiſſant Serviteur

SORBIERE.

Tres Haut & Puiſſant Prince

CRoiroiton qu'il eſt poſſible que voſtre tres-Illuſtre Alteſſe ſe pouvoit encore ſouvenir d'une ſi inutille creature que moy? depuis 25 *ans que je ſuis retirée de* Paris, *& parmis les plus rudes attaques*

attaques de la Fortune qu'avoient agitée voſtre Alteſſe comme les tonneres & les Vents qui taſchoient debrayler les forts Cedars du Lebanon, en maintenant la ſainte cauſe, d'un des plus juſtes Roïs que jamais a eſtés ou que jamais y ſera. En liſant ceſte hiſtoire veritable de la vie de voſtre Alteſſe faite par ceſte Tres-illuſtre, & Tres-verteus Princeſſe, Madame la Ducheſſe, j'avois de la peyne a retenir mes larmes, ayant eſté moy meſme une triſte ſpectateur de toute ce que paſſa à Paris & fidel intelligencier de tout ce que paſſoit en Flandre & la Holland juſques au retour de voſtre Alteſſe en Angleterre; & je veu que toute ces travers de la Fortune, ne conſiſta en autre choſe qu'a une perpetuel combat, entre le voulloir & le pouvoir de voſtre Alteſſe; L'une combattant pour l'eſtabliſhement du Roy, par le depence inevitable qu'il falloit pour maintenir ſa juſte cauſe, preſque aux abois, non ſeulement, par le ſequeſtration des immenſes revenues des biens de voſtre Alteſſe, mais par le conſtraint qu'on vous fit de vous retirer, a fin pour enſuitte de ruiner la cauſe du Roy par le ruine qu'on vous fit le premier; mais Dieu vous a ſuſcitée des amys, & vous avez un pouvoir plus ample qu'auparavant, & il a faite de voſtre Alteſſe come Dieu fait à Job en reſtituant le decouple ſon ſaint nom ſoit louée & vous continue ſa paix, & ſa ſainte Grace. Je leu auſſy la Philoſophie de la Haute & verteuſe Princeſſe Madame la Ducheſſe, veritablement Tres-curieuſe; & en eſtate de faire honte à noſtre miſerable Philoſophie de l'ecolle que n'eſt autre choſe qu'un vray jeu des Cartes; conſiſtantes en Sophiſmes & Authorites mal citées, la quelle a perdue la Theologie, & rendue la Medicine la Riſée du Monde, et pire que l'Emperice: Et quoy que je n'entend pas l'exerciſe du manage des chevaux

non

non plus que le haut Almand; toutefois ces precepts me ſemble ſi Majeſteux que touts les maiſtres du monde en doibt prendre example. C'eſt pour quoy je metteray ces Divines eſcrites dans le frontiſpiece de ma Bibliotheque, a fin que les enfants des mes enfants profiteroient de tout ces riches enſeignments. Il reſte maintenant que je remercie Tres-humblement voſtre Tres-Illuſtre Alteſſe de la ſouvenance qu'elle volut avoir de moy, qui n'eſt pas tant triſte de me voir reduittê a une ſi age que me devroit donner craint a mourir citô, come de me voir approchant à un age ſi grand qui me pourroit faire incapable de rendre a voſtre Alteſſe les ſervices dignes de la memoire que je dois conſerver dans mon ame pour demeurer eternellement,

De Voſtre Tres-Illuſtre Alteſſe

le Tres-humble

& Tres-obeiſſant Serviteur,

D. Auissone.

Madam,

When, in the Book which your Ladyſhip hath been pleaſed, by Mr. *Benoiſt*, to honour me with, I read ſo many Orations, upon ſo many ſeveral occaſions, appropriated to ſo many ſeveral Perſons, my admiration riſes to ſo great a height, that I know not how to expreſs it, yet when I conſider that you, Madam, are the Author of them all, my Wonder then abates, the ſight which I have had of your former Works, having raiſed my thoughts to an expectation of as great

a product, from your Ladyſhip's Pen, as this is: but when I think what thanks to return, for ſo great a Favour, I am quite at a ſtand, for were I as good a Poet, or Orator, as ever was, it were impoſſible, either in Proſe or Poem, to ſet forth a ſufficient gratitude. I find my ſelf therefore, who have no Skill in either, obliged to ſay no more, but only to beg your Ladyſhip's acceptance of the Humble Thanks of,

MADAM,

Your Ladyſhip's

moſt humble Servant

J. BRIDGEWATER.

Bridgewater-houſe,
Dec. 30. 1662.

MADAM,

YOu have convinced the World, that your Sex can as well propagate Learning as our Species, and taught us juſtly to own all, from our Mother-Wit; 'Tis without the help of Claſſick Authors, Schools, or Languages, that you Madam, have compoſed your moſt excellent Poems, Playes, Fables, The World's Olio, Opinions Philoſophical and Phyſical, which are the greateſt Prize the Invention of Printing can boaſt of: That Admiration and Praiſe, which your Excellency merits, muſt be the ſtudy of Ages to come; which, by your Works, may be made more knowing. Hitherto the ſtolen Tales of Learning, which Scholars, painfully diſingenious, have, in ſeveral Ages, Tranſlated from loſt Languages, and entitled themſelves

the Authors, are not Rules to try the truth of your notions, nor means to clear them to us, but skreen them from our captivated Apprehenſions. Who means to Improve, Madam, by your diſcoveries, muſt ſtudy them alone, and freeing themſelves of the Pains of Grammar Rules, tedious Methods, and the Fallacies of unproved Maxims, may arive early at Truths, may know and be able to diſcourſe things, not ſenceleſs Diſtinctions; and Philoſophating, your way, from the viſible effects of Nature, may ſoon know more than the Schools, make their Learning uſeful, and Bankrupt the Trade of Pedantry: That you have received, Madam, a Tribute of Applauſe from the Perſons of moſt fame this Age affords; that Univerſities have done you Homage as the Queen of Sciences, will be the leaſt of your Glory, whileſt you inſtruct not them, but the Univerſe, not this alone, but ſucceeding Ages; and will have your Fame as oft renewed, as freſh Generations come to ſpy this World, by the light you leave them; which cannot be traduced, for it's Parentage, being ſprung from your Rational Soul alone, that borrowing nought from others, can have no Rivall in Renown, but may challenge that ſingular Honour which all Ingenious Perſons publiſh, and will be made Sacred to your memory, by the moſt learned, while I among the meaneſt ſhall live and dye,

MADAM,

Chelſey, Sept. 4. 1662.

Your Excellencies Higheſt Honourer and Humbleſt Servant

CHARLES CHEYNE.

May

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR EXCELLENCY,

I have, according to your commands, read your Excellencies Orations, and will not disobey your Excellence, in concealing my Opinion of them. Was it to condemn any thing, either in matter or the language, having your Excellencies Warrant for it, I would freely express it, and if it be otherwise, I beg your Excellencies Favour, that Truth may not pass for Courtship, as being to so great a Lady from so mean a man, it is in danger to be suspected, which your Excellence hath been pleased to foresee and forbid. I am, I confess, no great reader, of late, of new Books, having tried formerly, that to find in them the least Jewel it must be sifted out of a great deal of Rubbish, and the worst is, that their Authors take up Errors upon trust one from another, which the better they adorn with new dresses, the greater injury they do to mankind. To make up such Volumes out of Collections, as Bees gather Hony from this and that Flower, is rather laborious Industry than fine Wit; But to spin out of one's own Bowels, not Cobwebs as Spiders do, but rich Tissues of Gold and Silver, expresses a great Fancy well improved, with much thinking. As every man is not capable of so extraordinary Productions, so is not every Woman; but that Women are naturally as capable of it as Men, if not more, may easily be proved by making an exact comparison of both their Temperaments and Organs, which would be a discourse too long to be inserted in a Letter, and your Excellence hath so clearly decided that Question by your unimitable Works, that it saves sufficiently that trouble. The

greatest

greateſt Maſters in Oratory having been neceſſitated to acknowledge, that the beſt art conſiſts in hiding of it, it may be inferred, that it is yet better to have none at all, as a natural Amble is to be preferred to that which is got with Tramells, or the graceful Walking of a Gentleman more eſteemed than the affected Demarch of a Dancer: and it is truly a very rare thing to be a great Scholar without being acquainted with the Univerſities, and Learned without the help of Teachers. As there is variety of Sciences, ſo there are ſeveral ſorts of Capacities to acquire them, ſome proving excellent in one kind, ſome in another; but to be capable of all, as well Philoſophy as Playes, and Poems as Orations, belongs only to a very few, whoſe Statues ſhould be erected in all the eminent Places in the World, for their Glory, and our Admiration. I can hardly ſtop my Pen from deſcribing what I have marked in general; for to ſet down my particular Obſervations, they are of ſo many extraordinary Things, that ordinary Terms (and I am capable of no other) cannot make them to be underſtood, and I am extreme ſenſible, that even what is commonly called Defect, here becomes comly, like ſome Moles in a beautiful Face, and that what ſeemes ſtrange at firſt, becauſe it croſſes the uſual Methods of our Studies, gives at laſt occaſion of amazement, to ſee your Excellency go ſo far in the way of knowledge, with ſtanding ſtill, in a manner, and that others ſhould run continually like Squerils in a Cage, without advancing forwards; which happens, I believe becauſe they dare not, or cannot go one ſtep without Stilts, and your Excellence truſts to the goodneſs of your Legs, having been pleaſed to allow me the

honour to read your Manuſcript, I make no doubt but your Excellency will afford the patience to read this tedious Letter, which though it makes a very ſmall ſound, and a weak clapping of Hands, is a part of that great Applauſe the whole World gives to your Excellency, and a certain teſtimony, that I am out of Inclination, as well as Duty,

MADAM,

London, Sept 4. 1662.

Your Excellencies

moſt Humble moſt Obedient

and moſt Faithful Servant,

BENOIST.

MADAM,

HAd I returned you this Letter of Thanks, for the great Honour you did me in ſending me your Plays, before I had read them, it would have lookt like a peece of Flattery, and my Praiſe of you would have made me like a Blind man, who fell in love with a Beauty which he never ſaw. But having taken time to read them all over, and ſome of them more than once, I can now upon a clear Judgement aſſure your Ladyſhip, that my entertainment was ſo great, that I know not whether I read them or ſaw them Acted. For though the Plots, Acts, and Scenes, be dreſt in ſeveral ſhapes, and have that which is the life of Pleaſure, a muſical variety, yet the Wit, and rich Compoſure of them is ſo much every where the ſame, that I fancied my ſelf a Spectator in the peruſal, and was

doubt-

doubtful, whether your Ladyſhip with your Book had not ſent me the new Theater too. I never in any Dramatick Writings met with more Honour and Virtue matcht with more Sharpneſs and delight. Which had it come from ſuch a Pen as *Ben Jonſon's*, who was always powring Oyle into his Lamp, and owed moſt of his Excellencies to his laborious Induſtry and Art, I ſhould the leſs wonder. But coming from a Quill held by a Ladys Hand, who made it not her Toyl but Recreation to do rarely, confirms me in an Opinion which I have long held, That the beſt Art is nothing but the beſt Imitation of Nature; and that your Books are the true face, and others but the painted. Madam, as I look upon you as a great Princeſs, (for you are ſo) ſo that which renders you to be the Glory and happieſt of your Sex, is that you can bring forth ſuch Children of your Mind in a Wilderneſs, and in your Countrey Walks can chuſe all the Muſes to be your Maids of Honour. And, truly, when I conſider one part of your happineſs more, which is, That you have a Noble Lord to be your Fellow-Poet, whoſe Harmonious Soul and Wit, is exactly tuned to yours, I have nothing left to wiſh, but to be allowed to remain

Your Ladyſhips

true Honourer,

Jaſper Mayne.

Oxford, May 6, 1662.

Moſt

Most Honoured,

I have waited long for a convenience to return my very humble gratitude to your Excellency, that the poor Church of *Litchfield* hath some hope in due time to receive some furtherance in it's Reparation, from your noble munificence. I am one of those many, that are perswaded, that your Excellency spent more Treasure to maintain the Royal Cause, in the late Warrs, besides the hazard of your Person, than any Subject in the three Realms; and am at wonder that it is not most eminently rewarded and repayed. My gratious Lord; I having been one from my youth addicted to the ingenuity of Poetry, whereof your Honour hath been a great Patron, did betake my self., thirteen years since, to write three Books in Verse, Latine and Heroick, to bewail the most barbarous murther committed upon the person of King *Charles* the Martyr. The work is long-since finisht, and shall in due time be publisht; In the third Book thereof, mention being made of his Majesties most Heroick Champions, these Verses following, set forth your Excellency as I was able;

Quid Neo-Castrensis *parat, audentissimus Heros,*
Musarum, Martisque *decus, Mensæque benignæ?*
Cogit ab egelidis Boreæ *regionibus agmen*
Intrepidum, læthúmque volens pro Rege pacisci.

Receive this Testimony, my very gratious Lord, from him that is willing to embalm your memory with due praise.

Litchfield, Feb. 10.
1663.

Your Excellencies
Most Devoted Servant,
Joh. Lich. & Coven.

Madam

MADAM,

I Gave your Grace not long ſince the trouble of a very large Letter, and know not whether I may wiſh it came ſafe, being affraid there was ſome kind of rudeneſs in ſo tedious a Scrible. I now ſend this to crave Pardon for the bold importunity of that; and to deſire another addition to your Graces Favours, which is, to honour the laſt Edition of my *Witchcraft* with your Illuſtrious Eye, and Acceptance. I ſuppoſe I have in it anſwered ſome of your Graces Objections, and have added a Relation or two, which I am well aſſured of, and believe them good evidence of Fact. I have ordered that Book I have ſo long ſpoken of to be ſent with it, if it can yet be procured; and implore your Graces ingenious Candor in judging the faults of both. For that of Preexiſtence I have many things to ſay more about it, which I think not fit publickly to expoſe; your Grace may command my inmoſt ſentiments of thoſe matters which I ſhall be proud to impart to a Perſon of ſo great Honour and Judgement, being really

MADAM,

Your Grace's

Moſt Humbly

Devoted Servant,

Joſ. Glanvill.

Bath, Dec. 22.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR HONOUR,

I held a long diſpute within my ſelf (moſt Noble, and moſt Honourable Madam) whether I ſhould not incurr the juſt cenſure of Condemnation, by this bold preſumption of writing to your Ladyſhip, a perſon ſo noble, ſo courted, ſo admired, and I ſo obſcure, that I could never brag of the happineſs once to have ſeen, much leſs of being known to your Honour: my low condition on this hand, deterred me much, and on that your Illuſtrious Place, balanced with a gallantry of Spirit, well becoming your true Nobility, in birth and match: yet when I conſidered, in my mind, that your Honour was pleaſed to appear now in another dreſs, under the Veil of Books, I thought my ſelf unworthy that exceeding Honour you have vouchſafed me, if I ſhould not, at leaſt, acknowledge, what I could never retaliate or expreſs: And who can expreſs the merit of that noble favour? The Heavenly Raptures of your Soul, compoſed with that elaborate skill, and beams of pure Wit, that your lines paſs admiration? Were thoſe Antients now alive, who firſt diſcourſed of Atomes, Matter, Form, and other Ingredients of the Worlds Fabrick, they would hang their Heads, confounded to ſee a Lady of moſt Honourable Extraction, in Prime of youth, amidſt a thouſand faſheries of greatneſs, ſay more of their own Myſteries, than they with all their worldly contempts, long Lives, Cells, and Solitary Retirements. Great Souls in the light of converſation, gain far more Knowledge, than mewed up Cloyſterers, and ſhew more to the World; their Inventions ſhine more Orient, their Illuminations more

more Refulgent, though cloathed in vulgar termes, their own peoples Dialect: Few mount Fames Chariot with borrowed Wings: and thoſe old Philoſophers too knew only their own Tongue *Greek*, as your Honour complains you only ſpeak your Native *Engliſh*. Wherein they had ſome advantage of you, a Language more copious, round, and full, though the *Engliſh* can want no Elegance, Propriety, or Sweetneſs, when it flows from ſuch a Mouth as yours, or drops from ſuch a Pen. Go on then (moſt Honourable Madam) to bleſs the World, with theſe noble Infants of your Brain; give Poſterity an example for after Ages, ſince former have given you none, but what you have outſtript: It were Impiety, to wiſh you leſs great, that Courtſhips might not defraud us of your Immortal monuments: No, be great ſtill, Diminutions would but cool thoſe Heroick Fires within you; let Fortune confer all her Gifts on you as Nature hath all her endowments,

That you may raiſe your Muſe to ſuch a Pitch
As all ſhall Gaze and Wonder at, none reach.

And I aſſure you (moſt Noble Madam) you can never ſtand higher, or greater in the whole Worlds eſteem than you now are, and ever ſhall be in the moſt deſerved Veneration, of him who glorieth, to ſubſcribe himſelf,

Moſt Honourable, and moſt Virtuous Lady

Your Honours moſt Humble

and moſt Devoted Servant

Robert Creyghtone.

Utrecht, Dec. 2. 1653.

May

May it pleaſe your Excellence, My ever Honoured, Moſt Noble Lord.

WHen I laſt had the honour to kiſs your Excellencies Hands at *Antwerp*, you were pleaſed to beſtow on me, *The Paſſions of the Soul*, Written by the Noble *Du Cartes*, in Token of your ſingular Love and Reſpect to me: The Work Learned, the Author Renowned, rendered the Gift Eminent, but much more, conferred by ſo Honorable a Peer, upon ſo unconſiderable a creature, as my ſelf: and all ought to have been vehement incentives to a thankful acknowledgement: yet hitherto your ſplendor, even in this your Eclipſe, hath ſo prevailed over my modeſty, that I buried your Favour not in Oblivion but Silence; thinking it well became my condition, rather to hold my peace, than ſpeak below the merit, or flat the ſublime dignity of the Perſon to whom I ſhould ſpeak. But now your Excellencies late accumulation of exceſſive Charity, in ſending me by Dr. *Morley*, the Works of your moſt Honourable, Vertuous, and Learned Conſort, hath chidd my Ingratitude unto a Bluſh beyond Confuſion; and made me feel ſome of *Du Cartes* Paſſions, transferred from your firſt gift to your ſecond: I ſhould have conſecrated all my pains, to your never dying Fame, as to a prime Patron of Learning, and I receive Books from you; Books rare and tranſcendent, diſtilled from the Brain of a moſt Noble *Minerva*, a Lady, your own Lady, whom delicacy of Education, height of Birth and Place, might well have exempted from ſuch inferiour employments:

yet

yet compoſed with ſo curious art, quick ſtile, refined airy notions, Words ſo proper elegant and delightful both in Verſe and Proſe, that I muſt ever admire the Harmony of her inſpiring Soul: And thence reflecting on my ſelf, blame my own unworthineſs, who have ſpent more time at Univerſities, without any benefit to Poſterity, than her Honour hath lived years in the World: ſo freſh and vigorous is her Fancy, ſo dull and ſuperannuated mine: yet in this dejection of Mind, I am much refreſhed, that your Excellence accounts me worthy to read her lines; you caſt me down, and raiſe me up; caſt me down by her Writings, which as I never expected, ſo I never hope to parallel, and you raiſe me, by the uncancelled eſtimation, which you ſtill bear in memory of my mean ſelf. It is your goodneſs (my ever Honoured Noble Lord) to peruſe low things with Grace and Mercy, and the method of all Honourable Souls, to ſhine on Shrubs, that their Favours may higher advance in Proſpect. You ſubjugate my Affections, as you do great Horſes to your Managery. Napoli *gli putedri*, Roma *ſcozzona gli huomini*, the Italian Proverb goes; Naples *tames Horſes, and* Rome *Men*: The Virtues of both reign in you: In the rare art of taming Horſes you excell all mortals, and ſubdue Men by a no leſs wonderful Affability: that he muſt be out of the light of reputation, whom you have not particularly obliged, or pointed out with ſome mark of Honour: I triumph much in your reſpect of me, not that I have deſerved it, but that you have vouchſafed it; and ſhall wiſh no longer to be bleſt, then I

ſhall evermore endeavour to expreſs my ſelf in all things.

My ever Honoured moſt noble Lord,

Utrecht, Dec. 2. 1653.

Tour Excellencies moſt Obliged,

and moſt affectionate Servant,

and Beadsman.

Robert Creyghton.

MADAM,

I was very much ſurprized when your Servant ſaluted me from ſo Illuſtrious a perſonage; but when he produced thoſe noble Volumes as an intended Teſtimony of your Ladyſhips reſpect, the unexpectedneſs of ſo great an honour made me ſuſpect the Meſſenger of a miſtake, and that he preſented me with what was meant fitter for the Colledge, or at leaſt to ſome more worthy and conſiderable perſon than my ſelf. But he perſiſting ſtill in the ſame ſtory, my doubts were ſwallowed up into admiration of your Ladyſhip's ſingular and unparalleld goodneſs; which ſeems to me to be Corrival with the excellency of your Wit, and to ſeek an equal ſhare of Glory in ſearching out Objects of ſuch condeſcending Acts of Civility, and Bounty, in theſe obſcure corners of Academical Retirement, as the other in piercing into the greateſt difficulties and the moſt dark and obſtruce Receſſes of Philoſophy. Madam I humbly crave Pardon for my boldneſs, and impatience that I offer ſo haſtily to return thanks for ſo eminent a Favour, before I have well computed

ted the value thereof, nor as yet fitly poliſhed and adorned my Stile, by a longer converſe with your Ladyſhips moſt Elegant and Ingenious Writings. But the cauſe of defects in this kind being ſo freely confeſſed, your noble candor will be pleaſed to accept the rude reality of thoſe ſpeedy acknowledgements made by

Thrice-Excellent Madam,

C.C.C. June 9.

Your Ladyſhips moſt Humble

and Thankful Admirer,

Henry More.

MADAM,

IN you, the World hath an Illuſtrious Example of the truth of their Opinion, who hold, that no Virtue is ſingle, but alwayes accompanied with ſome (if not all) of its Fellows. For (to omit thoſe many other Virtues, which ſeem to contend each with other, which ſhall render you conſpicuous) to that general Charity of yours, whereby you dayly oblige all mankind, in ſupplying the poverty of their Underſtandings with the Spiritual Almes of Knowledge; you have added an extraordinary Generoſity, by enriching with your choice Volumes, the Libraries of ſome particular Perſons, whom you are pleaſed to think capable of comprehending your curious Speculations therein contained. And in the number of theſe your Bouuty hath given me a right to account my ſelf. For which eminent Grace and Favour while I ſtrive to ſhew my ſelf Grateful, I find my

my Faculties wholly taken up with Admiration: and that Reaſon I ſhould make uſe of, to help me expreſs my ſentiments decently, is dimmed with the Glories of the Perſon to whom I addreſs, If, therefore, I am not able to acquit my ſelf of that Duty, as I ought; you are to reflect on the exceeding difficulty of it. Juſtice requires, you ſhould pardon the Effects of that Tranſport and Aſtoniſhment, of which your Excellencies are the cauſe: and when I cannot advance the due Tribute of Thanks, you ought to admit my Homage of Acknowledgements.

Your Wit, Madam, is above all Commendations; your Induſtry above Belief; your Labours, in Writing, above humane patience; your Curioſity above Imitation; your Notions above any, but your own Subtlety; and all above your Sex. Your Collections by the improvement they receive from your fertile Brain, become your own Productions: and thoſe obſcure Hints delivered to you in the Diſcourſes of others, by paſſing through your lightſome Imagination, are turned into bright and full Diſcoveries. You ſolve Problems with more eaſe than others have propoſed them: and your Pen hath this particular advantage, that it leaves no Darkneſs on the Paper beſides that of the Ink. Where you treat of Arguments formerly handled by others, you either give them more light, or contract what they had before into a narrower and more familiar Compaſs; and upon all occaſions you either produce new things, or ſpeak old ones after a new manner; ſo that you ſtagger the truth of that ſaying of the wiſe Man, *That nothing is new under the Sun.* Your Expreſ-

ſions

ſions for the moſt part are Natural, yet Select; at once explaining and adorning your Matter: and they who read your Books with deſign to be informed in points of Philoſophy, find themſelves at the ſame time introduced alſo in Rhetorique. In a word; while you bring Reaſons for the moſt admirable Works of Nature, you ſhew your ſelf to be her greateſt Miracle: and your prodigious Sagacity inclines even the Envious to believe, that all you need do to comprehend the moſt obſtruſe things, is only to think on them.

This Language, Madam, is but the imperfect *Echo* of your merits; nor can any thing, but your modeſty, hinder you from owning it ſo to be. However, I moſt humbly beſeech you to hear it, as moſt proper to that high Honour and Veneration due to you from,

Moſt incomparable Madam,

Your Excellencies

moſt humble Servant,

Walt. Charleton.

London, May 3. 1663.

MADAM,

YOur Books have here had a very honourable, and publick Reception, and are not only placed in the private Libraries of every ſingle Colledge, but in the publick alſo. Not without the Applauſe and Admiration of the Learned men of this Place, that one of your Sex, a great Princeſs, and not bred to the Arts with

labour, and toil, as they are, ſhould with ſo much excellent variety appear among us. And truly Madam when I conſider the various Subjects you have paſt through, it would poſe me ſomething to find a proper place in any Library for your Works to ſtand in, whether among the Orators, Poets, Philoſophers, States-men, or Polititians, ſince every one of theſe may be ambitious to ſtand next you. Nor can I forbear to let your Ladyſhip know, that the two laſt Books which you were pleaſed to ſend to me, added to the former, which I had the honour to receive from you, are for their number my leſſer Library, but for the value which I put upon the Noble Hand which drew the Lines, far the greater. Your Servant tells me you would willingly have ſome of them tranſlated into the Catholick Language. Though it will be hard to make them ſpeak ſo good *Latine* as they now do *Engliſh*, yet I have prevailed with an Ingenious Perſon of this Colledge to undertake the Work when ever you ſhall pleaſe to aſſign his Task, whereby your Writings will be enabled to travel beyond the Seas, and ſpread themſelves, both to your Honour, and the Honour of your Nation, as far as the Commonwealth of Learning reaches. How far your Ladiſhip will be ſerved in this particular, when you are come to a reſolution with your own Noble Thoughts, you may pleaſe to ſignify to

MADAM,

Your Ladyſhips real Honourer,

And moſt Obliged Servant,

Jaſper Mayne.

Chriſt Church in Oxford,
May 20. 1663.

Madam,

MADAM,

I Have the ill Fortune when I am bound to acknowledge a very high Obligation to your Excellence, at the ſame time alſo to ſtand in need of your Pardon, that I have done it no ſooner. However, I wiſh I had the Skill to perform the one part as anſwerable to your merit and my duty, as I am confident of your goodneſs to give ſucceſs unto the other. The Books you condeſcended to beſtow upon me have turned a ſorry Study into a rich Library, which are ſo much their own commendations (beſides the gloſs your Honourable Name muſt give them) that mine I fear may look like Injury and Rebatement to their Worth. I muſt not, Madam, be too bold with your hours, which you have devoted to better uſes than the reading of ſuch Papers; but with the tender of my humbleſt Thanks to your Excellence for the high Honour you have vouchſafed me, wiſhing you all the happineſs of this, and the better life to come, I Reſt,

Edm. Hall, Oxon.
June 30. 1663.

MADAM,

Your moſt humble Servant,

Thomas Tully.

Madam,

MADAM,

IN obedience to your Commands ſent me by your Servant in his laſt Letter, I have put your Book of Tales into the Hand of a fit perſon to tranſlate them into *Latine* as I think either Univerſity can afford. Being an exact Maſter of both Languages, and enabled with a *Genius* fit for ſuch an undertaking. I have alſo read as much of your Poetry tranſlated by a young Scholar as hath hitherto paſt his Pen. In ſome parts where of I find him happy enough. But your Excellent Fancy expreſſing it ſelf ſometimes in Terms of Art, and Words only known to Philoſophy; he tells me the hardeſt part of his Task will be how to find out current *Roman* Words to match them. To remove which difficulty, I have directed him to read *Lucretius* before he proceed farther; who having ſoftned the moſt ſtubborn parts of Natural Philoſophy, by making them run ſmoothly in his tunable Verſes, by an eaſy Imitation will teach him to do the like. Having in theſe two particulars moſt readily ſerved you, I ſhould return you my Studied Thanks, for the ſeveral Books you are pleaſed to ſend me, if they did not make me unhappy, by converſing with the Children of your Mind at ſo great a diſtance from the incomparable Parent. For I do aſſure your Excellency, I look upon *Welbek*, as long as you are there, not as a Noble Houſe ſeated among ſolitary Groves, but as a perfect Court of Wit and Learning, where you have all the Muſes for your Maids of Honour; and the beſt Philoſophers, Stateſmen, Orators, and Hiſtorians for your Counſellors: And all theſe for the Glory of your Sex, created from your

your ſelf. Had I the Art, like ſome here, to teach Birds to Speak, All the Fowls which fly in your Woods ſhould preſently be transformed to Nightingales, and taught Muſick enough to ſing the praiſes of ſo great a Miſtreſs. To whoſe Vertues I ſhall always remain,

A moſt real Honourer

London, April 21. 1664. *And Devoted Servant,*

Jaſper Maine.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR EXCELLENCY,

HAving received a Copy of your Works, for the uſe of the Library of *Chriſt-Church*, and another as a particular favour to my ſelf; I haſten to make my acknowledgments for both: and muſt beg leave to ſay that your Excellency has found the way to make the Arts truly liberal, while you not only adorn them by your Culture, but propagate them by your munificent diſtribution. So that it will reſt a Problem not eaſily to be reſolved, whether you appear greater in your acquiſitions or obligings: whether you inſtruct the World, or enrich it more? But it were an envious piece of curioſity, to labour in the Heraldry of your Virtues which are all greateſt, becauſe Yours? and are not to be the Subject of Conteſt, but Argument of Praiſe and Admiration: In particular manner they are ſuch, to

Your Excellencies

Moſt Humble and Obliged Servant

Jo. Fell.

MADAM,

I Am very ſorry that my unhappy Fate hath neceſſitated an unbecoming Slowneſs in acknowledging a Favour, that requires all poſſibilities of Gratitude, and exceeds them. But yet, had I nothing elſe to ſay in excuſe of my no earlier return to the laſt Noble effects of your Graces goodneſs, it were ſufficient; That my ſence of that mighty Honour was too big for my Pen; and when I began to ſpeak my reſentments of it, I found my ſelf as unable to expreſs them, as to deſerve their occaſion. Bet yet, Madam, this is not all the reaſon, for I was from home when your Grace's Preſent came, and have been ſo almoſt ever ſince; otherwiſe I had not added to my want of merit on other accounts, that alſo of appearing inſenſible, and defective in endeavours of acknowledgment; I muſt ſay endeavours, for my Gratitude can riſe no higher. Since my receipt of your Grace's ingenious Works, I have, as my occaſions would permit, caſt my Eyes again into them, and I am ſorry they cannot dwell there, where I find ſo pleaſing, and ſo inſtructive an entertainment. And though I muſt crave your Pardon for diſſenting from your Grace's Opinion in ſome things, I admire the quickneſs, and vigor of your Conceptions, in all: In which your Grace hath this peculiar among Authors that they are, in the ſtricteſt ſenſe, your own, your Grace being indebted to nothing for them, but your own happy Wit, and Genius; a thing ſo uncommon even among the moſt celebrated Writers of our Sex, that it ought to be acknowledged with wonder in yours. And really, Madam, your Grace hath ſet

us

us a patern, that we ought to admire, but cannot imitate. And whereas you are pleaſed ſometimes to mention your being no Scholar, as an excuſe of defects, your modeſty ſuppoſeth; By that acknowledgment you ſhew our imperfections that pretend we are ſo, rather than diſcover any of your own.

As for the laſt Trifle I was bold to preſent to your Graces Eye, it is much indebted to the obliging reception you were pleaſed to afford it; and there is nothing that ſets ſuch a luſtre on your Graces great Wit, and Intellectual Perfections, as that ſweet candor of your Spirit that renders you ſo acceſſible, even to your meaneſt admirers. Whereas your Grace is pleaſed to object againſt ſome part of the deſign of my Diſcourſe, that it ſets the perfection of the ſenſe higher than that of Ratiocination; I humbly deſire that your Grace would conſider, that there are two ſorts of Reaſoning, *viz.* Thoſe that the Mind advanceth from its own imbred *Idæa*'s and native Store, ſuch are all Metaphyſical Contemplations. And thoſe natural reſearches which are raiſed from experiment, and the objects of ſenſe. The former are indeed moſt perfect when they are moſt abſtracted from the groſneſs of things ſenſible, but the others are then moſt compleat when they are moſt accomodated to them; and when they are not, they are Aery, and Phantaſtick. Now what I have ſaid about thoſe matters is to tie down the mind in Phyſical things, to conſider Nature as it is, to lay a Foundation in ſenſible collections, and from thence to proceed to general Propoſitions, and Diſcourſes. So that my aim is, that we may ariſe according to the order of nature by degrees from the exerciſe of our Senſes, to that of our Reaſons;

which

which indeed is moſt noble and moſt perfect when it concludes aright, but not ſo when 'tis miſtaken: And that it may ſo conclude and arrive to that perfection, it muſt begin in ſenſe: And the more experiments our reaſons have to work on, by ſo much they are the more likely to be certain in their concluſions, and conſequently more perfect in their actings. But Madam, I doubt I begin to be tedious, and therefore, at preſent dare add no more, but that I am,

Illuſtrious Madam,

Your Grace's moſt Humble

and moſt devoted Servant,

Joſ. Glanvill.

MADAM,

I Had not thus long deferred my dutiful Acknowledgments to your Ladyſhip for the Honour which I received, with your Ingenious Book of Orations; if I had not been in hopes to recommend my Gratitude by preſenting your Ladyſhip with this Poem, lately Printed; and though it ought not to be ranked amongſt thoſe polliſhed Pieces, which are derived to the World from your fair hands; yet, Madam, I cannot doubt of your candid Reception of it; ſince in that ſhining Circle of *Graces*, which Illuſtrates your Character, there is not any one more conſpicuous, than your Generous Humility; which I am confident, will obtain my Pardon of your Ladyſhip for preſuming

to

to return you ſuch a worthleſs Preſent, and Diverting you from thoſe ſolid Entertainments, by which you ſo improve your Heroick Spirit, and honour the Commonwealth of Letters.

MADAM,

Norwich, May 12. 1663.

I am with profound Reſpect

Your Ladyſhips moſt Humble

and moſt Obedient Servant

S. Tuke.

To the worthily Honoured Dr. Charleton, *Phyſitian in Ordinary to his MAJESTY.*

HONOURED SIR,

HAving received the noble Preſent from Dr. *Yerbury*'s hand, which you were pleaſed to recommend to his care; and with it, the very ſignal Favour of your obliging Letter; I hereby haſten to render my acknowledgments in reference to both, which yet muſt needs fall ſhort, of being in any degree, a juſt return to either. I have in the incloſed attempted to ſpeak mine, and the Univerſities Duties, and moſt grateful recognitions to my Lord Duke: but can only hope they may become acceptable from the advantage your Hand and Recommendation will give them: and indeed I ſhall the more need your Friendſhip herein, becauſe I underſtand ſome Perſons have, according to the method of ill Nature, pleaſed themſelves in doing me unhandſome Offices, with

the Excellent Princeſs her Grace. Whoſe great and piercing Underſtanding will, I hope, unravel their vile Arts, who can only recommend themſelves by traducing others. Sir you will ſpeak a great Truth, and do no leſs an Obligation both to this Place and me, if you ſhall be pleaſed to aſſure my Lord Duke and his incomparable Princeſs, that this Univerſity and my ſelf have all imaginable gratitude for their Favours, and Veneration for their Perſons: I ſhall with the ſame ſincerity make profeſſion of the juſt regard I bear your ſelf, and deſire to be eſteemed

SIR,

Dec. 26.

Your moſt Faithful

Humble Servant,

J. FELL.

MADAM,

I Received the Honour of your Graces laſt Letter; but have not time now for ſo large a return, as ſo ingenious a Diſcourſe might juſtly require, only I cannot forbear intimating to your Grace, that I am not ſo fond a mechaniſt, as to ſuppoſe all the *Phœnomena* of the World to be raiſed meerly by thoſe Laws; but moſt of them perhaps by a Principle that is vital; And the *Anima Mundi* I take to be a very likely, and convenient *Hypotheſis*. Of this I am ready to give your Grace an account, that you ſhall be pleaſed to permit it. But the buſineſs of this is ſomewhat of another nature, being to implore a Favour from your Grace, not

upon

upon mine own, but a publick account. There is in this Place a Library erected, chiefly for the diverſion of Gentlemen that come hither upon the occaſion of the Bath. There are in it ſeveral worthy Authors, but it wants the great Honour and Ornament of the Illuſtrious Dutcheſs of *New-Caſtle*'s Works. I know, Madam, your Grace hath alwayes writ out of a Principle of Noble Generoſity, and Charity towards Mankind; and are very ready to diſpenſe your Influence to thoſe that need your Informations: To this I underſtand moſt of the conſiderable Libraries of *England* can bear a Teſtimony; and therefore I am bold upon the confidence I have in your Grace's goodneſs, to become an humble Solicitor in the behalf of ours, which will be very much ennobled by ſo glorious an Inſtance of your Grace's Favour, if you ſhall pleaſe to Honour it with thoſe Ingenious Works, by which your Grace doth ſo much outſhine your Sex, and many, that would be thought the greateſt Wits, of ours. You ſee, Madam, what an apprehenſion I have of your Grace's Benignity and Candor, in that I can appear before your Grace in a requeſt for a Favour to others, when I am my ſelf ſo infinite a Debtor to thoſe many obligations your Grace hath been pleaſed to lay upon me, for all which I have nothing to return, but the moſt humble and devout Acknowledgments, of,

Illuſtrious Madam,

Bath, Octob. 13.

Your Grace's moſt Obedient

And moſt Obliged Servant,

Joſ. Glanvill.

Madam,

MADAM,

I Received a freſh obligation from your Grace in the excellent Hiſtory you were pleaſed to order for me. In which your Grace hath done right to one of the moſt Illuſtrious Hero's of our Age, and erected a laſting Monument to his Virtue. And in it, Madam, your Grace hath ſweetly and wonderfully twiſted the Faithfulneſs of an Hiſtorian, with the Affections of a Wife; And your Illuſtrious Lord hath in this an Honour beyond the other great Subjects of Hiſtory, That his Grace hath not only as much deſerved to be Celebrated as they, But hath moreover the happineſs of the neareſt Relation to an Heroine, whoſe Pen is as Glorious as his Sword. And 'tis not eaſy to ſay which is really the greater Wonder, the Famous Loyalty of that great Perſon, or the uncommon Excellence of the Pen that deſcribed it. But I muſt take up from a Subject, in which, when I have ſaid all I can, I ſhall be defective; and return to the laſt Letter wherewith your Grace was pleaſed to Honour me. For the buſineſs of Witches upon which your Grace reflects again in this, I have ſpoken many things more about it in ſome Additions to my Conſiderations, which I am now ſending to the Preſs. As ſoon as that Diſcourſe is extant, I ſhall beg your Graces acceptance of it. In the interim thoſe things may be ſuperſeded.

By *Lower Nature* in my laſt, Madam, I meant, the meer Animal, and Plaſtick Faculties, whoſe violent *Impetus* is the cauſe of many of our irregularities and vices. As to the reſt, I acquieſce in your Grace's Determinations; And whereas your Grace is pleaſed

to

to Excuſe the liberty of Arguings; 'tis Madam with me that which leaſt of all things needs to be excuſed. For I profeſs the largeſt freedom of Diſcourſe and Inquiry. As for violent and captious Diſputes and Oppoſitions, I indeed much diſlike the immodeſty, and immoralities of them; But for free and ingenious exchange of the Reaſons of our particular Sentiments, 'tis that which diſcovers Truth, improves Knowledge, and may be ſo managed as to be no diſintereſt to Charity. Your Grace Madam, I know is a Perſon of ſo much Honour and Judgement, as not to take any thing amiſs from my liberty in expreſſing my apprehenſions, which I uſe not to obtrude upon any, but to propoſe to their Conſideration and Enquiries; and for my ſelf there is nothing obligeth me more than the knowledge of variety of Conceptions. There is a Diſcourſe of mine extant upon a Subject not very ordinary, which contains Notions which ſome excellent Perſons have not deſpiſed, and are not uſually met with in other Writings. I am inquiring after it for your Grace, and as ſoon as I can procure one (which is not very eaſy, that being out of Print) I ſhall ſubmit it to your Grace's Judgement. I never ſaw that Book of Experimental Philoſophy, which your Grace mentions. And to this, Madam, I have no more to add at preſent, but that I am

Your Grace's moſt Humble

Bath, Aug. 25.

Honourer and Servant,

Joſ. Glanvill.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR GRACE,

IT was most fit and equal that as your great Name and Merit transcends the glories of other Persons; it should be also as singular in its Description; and have an Historian some way proportioned both in Honour and unparallel'd Capacities to its self: which just felicity having happened to your Grace, by the Pen of your Illustrious Princess, it remained that one narrow dialect, should not confine that Relation to this our Island, which was to give Example to the Heroes of all Nations. And now that in this respect also, your Name is happily Consecrated to Eternity, We of this Place, are to look upon it as a signal Honour, to be made Sacrists to it: and to think it a particular Reward of our suffering in that cause, which you so gloriously asserted, and accompanied in its fall, to be judged a proper repository, for the Noblest History of its greatest and most busy transactions, and of the Person most gloriously concerned in them. And certainly while *Oxford* is an University of Loyalty, as well as Learning, which I hope it will never forget to be, your Graces virtues and atchivements, will be their equal argument of Study, and Imitation: as now your Favours are of their most grateful recognition and acknowledgment: which in their behalf, with all possible Devotion, are laid at your Graces Feet, by

Your Grace's

Most Obedient most Humble,

And most Faithful Servant,

J. Fell.

May

May It Please Your Grace,

IT was my misfortune to be abroad in *Kent* when the Letter wherewith your Grace vouchsafed to Honour me, came to *London*. And therefore as I came late to taſte the Pleaſure of ſo high a Favour, I hope your Grace will permit me to plead that delay in excuſe of this ſlow return of my moſt humble Acknowledgments and Thanks for it. My moſt Noble Lord (were it not known by experience that great Perſons, and great Minds, are moſt apt to ſtoop from their own height, and own mean and inconſiderable ſervices offered to them) I ſhould ſay it was too low a Condeſcenſion in your Grace, to take notice of my readineſs to comply with your Deſires: Wherein (beſide the diſcharge of my Duty) I did likewiſe ſerve the ends of my Ambition; it having ever been the Vanity of Souldiers to think themſelves dignified by the Honours done to their General. This made me with great Delight employ my ſelf in Deſigning that for your Grace, which I ſhould be ſorry to live to accompliſh, being already unhappy enough, in Burying too many Princes. For the thing it ſelf I am glad to ſee the King do that which is ſo decent and worthy of him, as to order your Grace a Tomb among the Kings, who have always been ſo near to him, and who ſtood up ſo cloſe to his Father in extremity of Danger, and ſo bravely, that had not God deſigned to reſtore the Crown, in his own Miraculous way, it had certainly been done before by your Hand. However your Grace hath prepared for your ſelf a more Noble, and more laſting Monument, in the Fame of your Heroick Actions, of ſome of them I had

had the happineſs to be an Eye-witneſs, upon which pretence I humbly beg the Honour to retain unto your Grace in the Quality of

My LORD,

Your Grace's moſt Obedient

Souldier and Servant,

Joh. Roſſen.

Bromley in *Kent*,
July 2. 1671

To the Incomparable Princeſs, MARGARET, *Dutcheſs of* NEW-CASTLE.

MADAM,

AMong many other things, by which your Grace is pleaſed to diſtinguiſh your ſelf from other Writers, this ſeems to be not the leaſt remarkable; that whereas they imploy only their wit, labour, and time, in compoſing Books, You beſtow alſo great ſumms of Money in Printing Yours: and not content to enrich our Heads alone, with your rare Notions, you go higher, and adorn our Libraries, with your elegant Volumes. To that general Charity, which diſpoſeth you to benefit all Mankind, you have added a ſingular Bounty, whereby you oblige particular Perſons: and out of a Nobleneſs peculiar to your Nature, you cauſe your Munificence to Rival your Induſtry.

This, *Madam*, among many other your Excellencies, Gratitude commands me to acknowledge; Your Grace having been pleaſed to number me among

mong thoſe, whom you vouchſafed to honour with ſuch extraordinary Preſents. For which I know not how to ſhew my ſelf duely thankful, otherwiſe than by celebrating your Generoſity, and returning you ſome account of the good effects they wrought in me, while I peruſed them. Which conſidering the Noble End for which you wrote them, and my inability to make you a more proportionate retribution; will not, I hope, be unacceptable to you. To this purpoſe, therefore, I am bold to ſend your Grace this rude Paper. Which yet I deſign, not as a Panegyric of your worth (for what affects us with admiration, ſtrikes us alſo with dumbneſs: and Stars are beſt diſcerned by their own luſtre) but as a ſhort Scheme of my own grateful Sentiments. And if I be not ſo happy, to deliver them in Language agreeable to the dignity of the Subject, I humbly beſeech you to conſider, that ſuch occaſions offer themſelves very rarely; and that nothing is more difficult, than to make the Pen obſerve *Decorum*, where Reaſon is put into diſorder, Juſtice, *Madam*, requires you ſhould pardon the effects of that aſtoniſhment, whereof your Wonders are the cauſe.

They tell us, that the End of all Books is either profit, or pleaſure: but I think that diſtinction (as many other in the Schools) might well be ſpared: becauſe, in truth, profit ſuppoſeth pleaſure; and pleaſure is the greateſt profit; nor am I aſhamed to profeſs, that in all my reading I have no other aim but pleaſure. It will not then, I hope, *Madam*, be thought derogatory to the Profitableneſs of your Grace's Books, If I acknowledge my ſelf to have received very great pleaſure in reading them. And

this pleaſure was ſo charming, it ſo far tranſported me, as often to make me wiſh, you might never entertain a reſolution of cauſing your works to be Tranſlated into any other Language: that ſo all Ingenious Forreigners, invited by the Fame of your moſt delightful Writings, might be brought to do Honour to the *Engliſh* Tongue, by learning it on purpoſe to underſtand them. For I am zealous for the Reputation of my native Language, and of ſo communicative a temper, as to deſire all men ſhould participate of what I find delectable. Beſides, I could not but remember, that I had known a great Man of our Nation, who ſtudied *Italian*, only to acquaint himſelf with the Mathematiques of *Galileo*, in his *Del Movimento*, and *Saggiatore*; and *Spaniſh*, meerly out of love to the Incomparable Hiſtory of *Don Quixot*: and was thereupon the more apt to promiſe my ſelf that your Grace's Works, no leſs admirable in their kind, than either of thoſe, would have the like influence upon ſome of the *Bons Eſprits* beyond Sea. But this, *Madam*, was only my Wiſh: it is not now my Counſel. Should I here particularly recount to you, what the things were, that raiſed this ſo great delight in me, I ſhould both offend by prolixity, and tacitly caſt diſparagement upon the reſt. For,

Pauperis eſt, numerare Pecus,

He is but poor, who can account his Wealth:

And what the witty *Roman Stoic* ſaid of the excellent ſayings of *Zeno*, *Cleanthes*, *Chryſippus* and other Princes of that Sect, may be conveniently accommodated to the delightful Remarks every where occurring in your Books, *viz.* That *no choice can be made, where*

where all things are equally Eminent. However, becauſe there is no ſatiſfaction in Generals, and that Order is neceſſary to plainneſs: give me leave to divide my Text into three parts, your *Natural Philoſophy*, your *Morals*, and your *Poetry*.

For your *NATURAL Philoſophy*; it is ingenious and free, and may be, for ought I know, Excellent: but give me leave, *Madam*, to confeſs, I have not yet been ſo happy, as to diſcover much therein that's *Apodictical*, or wherein I think my ſelf much obliged to acquieſce. But, that may be the the fault of my own dull Brain: and Oracles have been after found true, that were at firſt Dark and *Enigmatical*. Again I am ſomewhat ſlow of belief alſo; a continual ſeeker; as conceiving, I have too much cauſe to be of *Seneca*'s opinion, that *Men may, indeed enquire and determine what is moſt probable, but God alone knows what's true, in the things of Nature.* Nor am I ſingle in this Sceptical Judgement: The *ROYAL SOCIETY* it ſelf (the Tribunal of Philoſophical Doctrines) is of a conſtitution exceedingly ſtrict and rigid in the examination of Theories concerning Nature; no reſpecter of Perſons or Authorities, where Verity is concerned; ſeldom, or never yielding aſſent without full conviction: and that's the Reaſon why it made choice of theſe three Words for its Motto, *Nullius in verba.*

This *Madam*, can be no diſcredit to your Philoſophy in particular, becauſe common to all others: and he is a bold Man, who dares to exempt the *Phyſics* of *Ariſtotle* himſelf, or of *Democritus*, or *Epicurus*, or *Des Cartes*, or Mr. *Hobbs*, or any other hitherto known. For my part, Seriouſly, I ſhould be loath

to

to affirm, that they are any other but ingenious Comments of Mens Wits upon the dark and inexplicable Text of the World; plausible Conjectures at best; and no less different, perhaps, from the true History of Nature, than Romances are from the true actions of *Heroes*. Nor will I adventure to determine, which of the two, *Aristotle* or your Grace, hath given us the best definition of the Humane Soul: He, when he calls it *Entelechia*; or you when you say, it is a *Supernatural something, &c.* So difficult is it to make a judgement of what seems incomprehensible.

Nor are you to be discouraged, *Madam*, If your Philosophy have not the fate to be publickly read in all Universities of *Europe*, as your Grace, doubtless out of a most Heroic ambition to benefit Mankind, desires it should. For, while Men are Men, there will be different Interests, and consequently different Opinions: nor is the multitude of Followers a certain sign of the Soundness, but of the Gainfulness of any Doctrine. If, therefore, the World, which is obstinate (you know) and governed by prejudice, will not be induced to esteem, what you think useful; the blame lyes not at your Door, and you ought to consolate your self with this reflexion; that you have sufficiently testified your good intentions, and done more than your Duty, in publishing your Conceptions. Besides, the *Virtuosi* of our *English* Universities have, of late years, proclamed open War against the tyranny of Dogmatizing in any Art or Science: and as for those of the *Roman Religion*; there is, I fear me, but little hope, of making them your Proselites. Because those canting Politicians, called *School-men*, having made a new and par-

party-colour'd Veſt for the Church, of a kind of Drugget, conſiſting of the Thrums of *Peripatetic* Philoſophy, cunningly interwoven among the Golden threads of the Chriſtian Faith; and prevailed, upon Princes to make it Piacular for any Scholar to appear with his Judgement clad in any other Livery: it is not very unlikely, the Profeſſors there will ſoon be brought to offend their Superiors, by laying aſide the defence of *Ariſtotle*'s Maxims, to aſſume the Patronage of New. So that in my ſilly conceipt, as the Cabbage is obſerved to ſtarve the Vine, if ſet too near: ſo the Philoſophy of *Thomas Aquinas* and others of the ſame myſtical Tribe, will hinder the growth of yours, in the ſame Ground.

For your *MORAL* Philoſophy (for ſo I take liberty to call your occaſional Reflections upon the Actions, Manners, and Fortunes of Men) Your Grace has not, indeed tied up your Pen to the laborious rules of Method, or the formality of a new Syſteme in *Ethics*: but (what is as well) you have opportunely, and under various heads, diſperſed many uſeful remarks, concerning Prudence, as well Civil, as Domeſtic, in moſt of your Writings. And this, it may be preſumed, you were pleaſed to do, not for want of Skill to reduce your rules of life into the order of dependence and connexion; but with deſign, to ſhew your plenty, and ſurprize your Readers with good counſel even where they leaſt expect it. You choſe rather to regale us with delicate Fictions, under the veil whereof wholeſom inſtructions are neatly contrived, than to embaraſs and tire us with the obſervation of a long train of Precepts, which are never ſo effectual, as when naturally flowing from agreeable Inſtances and Examples: Your very in-

terludes contain adviſo's, and your digreſſions are ſeaſonably inſtructive: like wiſe Husbandmen, you plant Fruit-Trees in your Hedge-rows, and ſet Strawberries and Rasberries among your Roſes and Lillies. This, *Madam*, is a piece of no ſmall art, though not obvious to common Eyes: and if any diſlike the courſe you have taken in thus ſcattering and diſguiſing your *Morals*; I would have him asked this Queſtion, Whether or no it be folly for a man to refuſe to gather Oranges and Citrons, only becauſe the trees that offer them, are not ranged in the Order of *Cyrus*'s *Quincunx*? or whether a Noſegay be leſs fragrant, becauſe pluck'd from Flowers growing diſperſedly? To all who have read your *Comical Tales*, with the ſame purity of Mind, with which you wrote them, and are withal qualified to ſearch into the Mythology of all your imaginary *Dialogues*: to all ſuch, I ſay, it is evident, that you have drawn the Images of all the *Virtues*, on one hand, and their oppoſite *Vices*, on the other, ſo much to the life; that men, beholding them, muſt be, by grateful violence, compelled to love the Pulchritude of thoſe, and abhor the deformity of theſe. Now, this, *Madam*, you could not have done had you not firſt had the *Idea*'s of all Virtues within your ſelf: it being abſolutely neceſſary for a Painter, firſt to conceive the form or ſimilitude of the thing he intends to repreſent, in his own Imagination; and then to make the reſemblance according to that form. So that in ſtrictneſs of truth, thoſe Pictures we call *Originals*, are but Copies, yea Copies of Copies: as being firſt drawn from the life in the Phantaſy, and after pourtrai'd upon Tables. Beſides this, your Grace is further happy, in that the *Morals* of your *Pen* are clearly

clearly exemplified in thoſe of your *Life*; in which I have never heard any thing blamed, any thing diſputed, unleſs whether it hath been more *Innocent*, or more *Obliging*. In fine, the Documents of both your *Pen* and *Life* ſeem to be ſo good, that whoever is able to moderate his Paſſions, and regulate his Actions by them, needs not to ſeek further after *Happineſs*: nor need I fear to pronounce him arrived at ſuch perfection, that it will not be eaſy for him to be brought to do ill, either out of *Weakneſs*; or out of *Deſign*.

For your *POETRY*; therein your Grace hath more than a ſingle advantage above others.

Firſt, Your Vein appears equally facile, equally free, and copious upon all occaſions, in all ſorts of arguments. The Buskin and the Sock are equally fit for your Muſes Legs. Your Phanſy is too generous to be reſtrained: Your Invention too nimble to be fettered. Hence it is, that you do not always confine your Senſe to Verſe; nor your Verſes to Rhythme; nor your Rhythme to the quantity and ſounds of Sillables. Your Deſcriptions, Expreſſions, Similies, Allegories, Metaphors, Epithets, Numbers, all flow in upon you of their own accord, and in full Tides: and Verſes ſtand ready minted in the Treaſury of your Brain, as Tears in ſome Womens Eyes, waiting to be called forth. So that in you is verified the Doctrine of *Plato*, in his *Dialogue* intitled *Io*; that *Poeſy* is not a faculty proceeding from judgement, or acquired by labour and induſtry; but a certain divine Fury, or *Enthuſiaſm*, which ſcorning the controle of Reaſon, tranſports the Spirit in Raptures, as *Jove*'s Eagle did *Ganymed*, or as Witches are ſaid to be wafted above the Clouds on the wings

of

of their Familiars. Which is, perhaps, the ground of that old ſaying, *nemo fit Poeta*, no Poet is made, but born ſo: as the rage and liberty of a Poetic Genius gave occaſion to paint *Pegaſus* with Wings, in a flying poſture, and without a Bridle.

Secondly, In your whole *Oglio* of Poems, I find nothing which is not intirely *Your own*. Like good Houſewifes in the Countrey, you, make a Feaſt wholly of your own proviſions: yea, even the Dreſſing, Sawces, and Garniture of the Diſhes are *Your own*. And were *Perilius Fauſtinus* revived (he, who out of envy to the Glory of *Virgil*, made and publiſhed a large Catalogue of his Thefts from *Homer* and *Heſiod*) he could hardly diſcover ſo much as a ſingle Verſe borrowed, by you, from any Poet, antient or modern. So circumſpect you are to avoid being thought a Plagiary, that you walk not in beaten Paths, but decline even the rules and methods of your Predeceſſors, and ſcorn Imitation, as a kind of Theft. A commendation, *Madam*, due to very few, perhaps to none beſides your ſelf. As your Grace, therefore, owes all your Poeſy to the inſpiration of your own happy Genius alone; ſo we owe all the Pleaſure we are ſenſible of in reading your Poems, to you alone. I may have many rivals in theſe my thankful acknowledgements, you can have no Competitor in the Glory of their occaſions.

This double Felicity is augmented by the acceſſion of two others, no leſs worthy admiration. *One* is, that as you have made your ſelf an *Original*, ſo are you likewiſe ſecure from being *Copied*. You have indeed, given the world an illuſtrious Example; but you have given what it cannot take, the Example being

being of that height, that it is hardly attainable. You provoke our Emulation, and at the ſame time caſt us into deſpair. Your Poetical Fancies rather brave, than inſtruct our capacities: and by ſetting before our Eyes things inimitable, you vex our ambition, and oblige us to an unprofitable trouble.

Another is, that you exceed all of your delicate Sex, not only in this age, but in all ages paſt. It would puzle the beſt Hiſtorian to find your Parallel among the moſt famous Women: and in the Monuments of the *Roman* greatneſs, even while that Glorious Nation held the Empire as well of Virtue and Wit, as that of the World, I cannot meet with an *Heroine*, to whom I dare to compare you. There are, I confeſs, who tell us of a Noble *Roman* Lady, one *Sulpitia*, who compoſed a Hiſtory of *Domitian*'s times, in Hexametre Verſes, and wrote many Elegant Poems beſides; and who hath been highly celebrated by *Martial*, *Tibullus*, *Sidonius Apollinaris*, and of late by *Scaliger* alſo, as an eminent Pattern both of a Chaſt and Immaculate Life, and of a neat Poetical Wit: and once I had ſome thoughts of drawing a Parallel betwixt that Lady and your Grace. But, upon a ſecond examination of the particular Remarks, wherein I had fanſied the reſemblance chiefly to conſiſt; and a more ſerious review of the Story of her Life, and the remains of her Pen, (extant among the *Fragments* of *Latine Poets*, and uſually annexed to *Petronius Arbiter*) I perceived, I could not proceed in that reſolution, without diſadvantage on your part, by a conference ſo unequal; and thereupon reſumed my former cogitation, that your Grace's Statue ought to be placed

alone, and at the upper end, in the *Gallery of Heroic Women*, and upon a Pedeſtal more advanced than the reſt. We read not that Nature hath been ſo Prodigal of her choiceſt Largeſſes, as to produce two *Cicero's*, or two *Virgil's*, or two *Ben Johnſon's*: why, then, ſhould we ſeek after your Equal? It was their glory to be ſingle: and it muſt be yours, to have no Peer, for ought we know, you are the *Firſt* great Lady, that ever Wrote ſo much and ſo much of your own: and, for ought we can divine, you will alſo be the *Laſt*.

Theſe, *Madam*, are a few of thoſe ſwarms of thoughts that crowded into my unquiet Head, when I propoſed to my ſelf to expreſs ſome part at leaſt of the great Honour and Reverence I owe your Grace. If I have ſo far obeyed the impulſe of my Gratitude and Devotion, as to put them into Words, and offer them to your knowledge; it was not, I aſſure you, out of a vain conceipt, that they were anſwerable either to your vaſt Merits, or to my Obligations; but meerly upon Confidence, you would deſcend to exerciſe your Goodneſs and Candor, in receiving them as a ſimple recognition of both. And if I have ſuppreſſed the reſt; it was out of good Manners, and a due fear of farther offending your Patience. I am not ignorant, *Madam*, that our Prayers to God, and our Addreſſes to Princes ought to be ſhort. Reſigning you, therefore, to the converſation of your own more ingenious and uſeful thoughts, and to the Tranquill Fruition of thoſe intellectual pleaſures, that continually ſpring up in you from the Virtues of your Life, and the Fame of your Writings; I moſt humbly beg your favourable Interpretation

pretation of what I have here weakly ſaid, and with all Submiſſion imaginable, caſt my ſelf at your Feet, as becomes

Your Graces,

Juſt Honourer, and moſt Intirely Devoted Servant,

Walter Charleton.

From my Houſe in Covent-Garden *May* 7. 1667.

MADAM,

I Had the Honour to hear ſo good Solutions given by your Excellency upon divers Queſtions moved in a whole Afternoon, you was pleaſed to beſtow upon my unworthy Converſation, that I am turning to School with all ſpeed, humbly beſeeching your Excellence may be ſo bountiful towards my Ignorance, as to Inſtruct me about the Natural Reaſon of thoſe Wonderful Glaſſes, which, as I told you, *Madam*, will fly into Powder, if one breaks but the leaſt top of their tails: whereas without that way they are hardly to be broken by any weight or ſtrength. The King of *France* is, as yet unreſolved in the Queſtion, notwithſtanding he hath been curious to move it to an Aſſembly of the beſt Philoſophers of *Paris*, the *Microcoſme* of his Kingdom. Your Excellence hath no cauſe to apprehend the cracking blow of theſe little innoxious Gunns. If you did, *Madam*, a Servant may hold them cloſe in his Fiſt, and your ſelf can break the little end of their Tail without the leaſt danger. But, as I was bold to tell your Excellence, I ſhould be loath to be-

believe any Female Fear ſhould reign amongſt ſo much over-maſculine Wiſdom, as the World doth admire in you. I pray God to bleſs your Excellence with a dayly increaſe of it, and your worthy ſelf to grant, that among thoſe Admirers, I may ſtrive to deſerve, by way of my humble Service, the Honour to be accounted,

MADAM,

Your Excellencies moſt Humble

and moſt Obedient Servant

Huygens de Zulichem.

Hague, March 12. 1657.

I have made bold to joyn unto theſe a couple of poor Epigrams *I did meditate in my Journey hither, where your Excellencies Noble Tales were my beſt entertainment. I hope Madam, you will perceive the intention of them, through the Miſt of a Language I do but harp and gheſs at.*

MOST EXCELLENT PRINCESS,

THE Obligations by which your Grace has eminently engaged your Servants in particular, and in General the whole world, or at leaſt the Judicious and Civil part of it, are ſo many and great, that to ennumerate them to this preſent Age may ſeem a large Hiſtory, and to Generations to come a real Romance. The happineſs was ſo great we received the laſt year, when we had, by your Graces Permiſſion, the Honour to pay our Duties to your happy ſelf, that the Contemplation of it by your Grace's abſence, adds the more to our Infelicity. But we ſhall not wholly deſpair to be re-

reſtored to the ſame capacity of waiting on your Grace, which we are extreamly ambitious of: In the mean time preſenting my Wifes moſt humble Service to your Grace, I take the confidence to ſubſcribe my ſelf,

MADAM,

Your Graces very great Honourer,

April, 22. 1668.

And moſt Devoted

Humble Servant,

BERKLEY.

MY LORD,

IT is not Strange to me that your Grace is pleaſed to ſurpriſe me with ſuch obliging civilities which are ſo eſſential to your Nature, and made cuſtomary by ſo many frequent Habits, that it were as difficult for your Grace not to do Acts like your great ſelf, as it is for others (eſpecially in this degenerating Age) to imitate yours. I return your Grace my moſt humble Thanks for the high Honor and Favour of your Books, received by my ſelf, and Son, which are much to be valued by judicious Perſons, for the worth contained therein, and rendred moſt Illuſtrious, for the great Authors ſake, who will be much admired, not only by the preſent Age, but by all ſucceſſion of Ages, as long as Loyalty, Sincerity, and high Acts of Honour are eſteemed by Men, and have

any attractive Power, My Lord, I moſt humbly beſeech your Grace to believe me to be

Your Grace's high Honourer,

Berkeley-Houſe at *St. Johns*,
April 22. 1668.

And moſt Obedient Servant,

BERKELEY.

MY LORD,

THE Right your Grace has to be a Supream Patron of Poeſy, is given you, from your Affection to the *Muſes*, and the excellent merit of your own Compoſitions, which have ſo many ways beautified Poeſy, and delighted our Theatres, as they have received from your Wit (if poſſible) equal Glory with your other Gallantries and Actions, which have ſo much honoured our Nation; for this Cauſe I muſt beg your Graces Pardon, that I preſume, to preſent you with this inconſiderable Poem of mine, of which (though I wanted not Inclination) I durſt not adventure a direct Dedication to your Grace, with whom I had not the Honour of an Acquaintance ſufficient to incourage ſuch a boldneſs, as alſo ſome doubt, it might not deſerve a Patronage from ſo excellent a Poet, which made me rather venture its publick Dedication to this Honourable Perſon of my Alliance, I have mentioned before my Book, though this my private Addreſs to your Grace, muſt be my greater Ambition, ſince you are not only a moſt accompliſhed Judge, but an Author: yet I preſume to ſay that your Grace may challenge ſome con-

cernment

cernment in this Poem, as it treats of the paſt Glory of our Anceſtors; in which the Antiquity, and Honour of your Blood, could not but have a high Renown: and as your Grace has ſcarce a Parallel, in all Acts of Generoſity, and Nobleneſs, ſo your Incomparable Lady, doth no leſs excell in her Quality, and Sex, (the unequal'd Daughter of the *Muſes*) beſides all other her voluminous Productions, which compleat the Wonder of her Name, to whom I have preſumed to preſent, likewiſe, with your Lordſhip, a Book of my Poem, as an expreſſion to both your Graces, how much you are Honoured by,

My LORD

Your Graces

May 3. 1669.

Very Humble Servant,

Edward Howard.

MADAM,

I Owe it to your *Graces* ſingular condeſcention, and goodneſs, that my Letters are not diſpleaſing, and I ſee a great deal of Generoſity, in your *Graces* acceptance, of ſuch mean things, as my ſlender ſtock of Knowledge can impart. As for your Inquiry about the Plaſtick Faculties; I Anſwer, that they are thoſe, whereby the Body is formed at firſt, and by which the Alimental Juices, are after, through the whole courſe of Life, orderly diſtributed for the purpoſes of growth and nutrition: But whether, as your *Grace* inquires, they are Faculties inherent, in the Soul, or are only Mechanical Motions

tions of the Body I cannot determine certainly. But I rather incline to the *Platoniſts*, who will have the Soul to be the Bodies Maker, and they affirm (as is ordinary; though with ſome diverſity in the Names and Preſentation) That there are three ſorts of Faculties, which they Phancy as Analogous parts, or Regions in the Soul, (*Viz.*) The *Mind*, ſo they call the higheſt Faculties of abſtract Reaſon, and Underſtanding, which is the *Firſt*. The *Second* they call the *Soul*, (*Viz.*) as it is united to the Body, and exerciſeth the operation of Senſe. The *Third*, is the Image of the *Soul*, which is thoſe Faculties, that are called Plaſtical, that move and turn the Body; but are devoid of Underſtanding, or Senſe; Now how the *Soul*, which is Immaterial, can manage and order Corporeal Motions is a difficulty of which Philoſophy as yet hath given no account, as I have particularly taken notice, and proved in my *Sceptis Scientifica*, but yet the thing ought not therefore to be denied, becauſe the manner of the moſt obvious ſenſible things is to us unknown; And by this we can only prove, that we have yet no certain Theory of Nature: And, in good earneſt, Madam, all that we can hope for, as yet, is but the Hiſtory of things as they are, but to ſay how they are, to raiſe general *Axioms*, and to make *Hypotheſes*, muſt, I think, be the happy priviledge of ſucceeding Ages; when they ſhall have gained a larger account of the *Phœnomena*, which yet are too ſcant and defective to raiſe Theories upon: ſo that to be ingenious and confeſs freely, we have yet no ſuch thing as Natural Philoſophy; Natural Hiſtory is all we can pretend to; and that too, as yet, is but in its Rudiments, the advance of it your

Grace

Grace knows is the deſign and buiſineſs of the *Royal Society*; from whom we may reaſonably at laſt expect better grounds for general Doctrines, than any the World yet hath been acquainted with; but this, Madam, is an excurſion. I therefore return to your *Graces* Letter, which inquires ſome things, about my Notion of the *Souls* Original: As to this I would not be underſtood to affirm peremptorily a thing, which the greateſt part of Men, neither have, nor can receive, only I conſider it as an *Hypotheſis*, that may be taken up to ſatisfy thoſe minds that are much troubled at the ſeeming inequalities of Providence; and whether true, or falſe, this I will take the boldneſs to be confident in, That the Doctrine of the *Souls Præexiſtence*, doth beſt ſuit with the appearances of the World. And beſt Anſwers for the Divine Juſtice and Goodneſs, in all the affairs of Providence; In this Madam, I am a little *Dogmatical*, and this ſtep further, I think I may take, without immodeſty; That the Doctrine hath ſo much to ſay for it ſelf, from Reaſon, and the higheſt Antiquity, as to render it fit to be conſidered, and indeed, ſince the two other wayes, are confeſſedly deſperate, methinks there ſhould be no harm in examining this; which is all I pretend to. But particularly to your *Grace's Quæry*, Whether were *Souls* Created or Uncreated? I Anſwer, no doubt Created: But then I do not ſee how that follows, which your *Grace* is pleaſed to infer, *Viz.* That Sin was then Created, For our *Souls* in their State were Spotleſs and Innocent, as the Angels of God. That Mankind was ſo firſt, and fell by a voluntary Tranſgreſſion, is the common Doctrine; and how we may ſuppoſe it was particularly in the way of *Præexiſtence*, your *Grace* will

ſee eaſily, when I ſhall have procured that Book of mine, I have mentioned, and promiſed your *Grace*, but cannot yet light on. The other part alſo of your *Graces* Diviſion: *Viz.* That if thoſe *Souls* were Eternal, they are Gods; is I humbly conceive a miſtake likewiſe, ſince though the World, had been Created from Eternity (which even the Schools confeſs poſſible) it had nevertheleſs been a Creature, by reaſon of its dependence upon another, for its being, and to have been produced, and yet from Eternity, is no abſurdity, our Faith affirms it, in the Eternal Generation of the Son, and Proceſſion of the Holy-Ghoſt, and to take an inſtance with which we may make more bold: If the Sun had been from Eternity no doubt it would have ſhone Eternally, and yet it's Beams had been effects and dependent; And whereas your *Grace* ſaith again, That what is Immaterial is a God: I muſt here alſo take the boldneſs, to enter my Diſſent to your Propoſition; Indeed Mr. *Hobbs* denys all Immateriality to Created Beings, but I think upon grounds precarious and unſafe, That our *Souls* are Immaterial in their Natures, hath been ſufficiently proved by ſome late Philoſophers; particularly by the moſt learned Dr. *H. Moore*, and I alſo have done ſomething about this, in my Book of *Præexiſtence*, If your *Grace* demands my Reaſons; they ſhall be ready at the leaſt intimation, of thoſe commands which I ſhall ever account a ſingular Honour to obſerve. For the antiquity of *Præexiſtence*, which your *Grace* rightly obſerves, to be no certain Argument of the truth of it, I humbly ſay I have not alledged it, for a demonſtration of the thing, but to take off the prejudice we are apt to have againſt all ſuppoſed Novelties,

and

and to ſhew that it is not ſo deſpicable, an *Hypotheſis* but that ſeveral great minds of former times, even in the Ages of the beſt Antiquity have owned a kindneſs for it, and conſequently that we cannot, without ſome immodeſty, deny it a favourable hearing, But madam, I forget my ſelf, and the conſideration I ought to have of your *Grace*'s Time and Patience, and therefore only add, that I am,

Illuſtrious Madam,

Bath, Octob. 13. 1667.

Your Graces

Moſt Obedient Servant,

Joſ. Glanvill

My Lord,

HAd I not been out of Town a great part of the laſt Summer, and almoſt all this Winter, I had written to your *Grace* long ſince. The Town might have furniſh'd me with occaſions of writing that had not been impertinent. For only to ſay that I am the humbleſt of your *Graces* Servants, and that no man has a greater Honour for you than I have, would be Impertinent, ſince all that know me, know it of me already, and I hope your *Grace* believes it. But (my Lord) the Printing of the *Humouriſts* has given me a new occaſion of troubling you, and deſiring your Favour to be an Advocate, for me, to my Lady Dutcheſs, to procure me her Pardon, and a favouroble reception of that little Comœdy. My Lord, (as long as you are ſo great a *Mecœnas*) it will be impoſſible

poſſible to defend your ſelf from the Importunate Addreſſes of Poets: And Poetry is in ſuch a declining condition, that it has need of ſuch Noble Supporters as are at *Welbeck*: Your *Grace* ſaw this *Comœdy* (before the Sting was taken out) and was pleaſed to approve it, which is to me more than the Plaudit of a Theatre: As it is, it ſtands more in need of Pardon, and Protection, which I hope your *Grace*, and my Lady Dutcheſs will have the Mercy to afford it. I have (in this Play) only ſhown what I would do if I had the liberty to write a general Satyr, which (though it ſhould really reflect upon no particular perſons, yet) I find the Age is too faulty to endure it. If, for this reaſon, I were not tyed to too great a ſtrictneſs for a Poet, I ſhould not deſpair of preſenting you with ſomething much more worth your view than this mangled Play; but all that I can do can never make any proportionable return to the favours, received from you, by,

My L O R D,

Your Graces moſt Obliged

Humble Servant,

Tho. Shadwell.

London, April 20. 1671.

Madam,

MADAM,

I Am to beg your *Graces* Pardon for my ſelf, and this imperfect Piece, for which I have borrowed the Patronage of your Name; I am not ignorant of the diſadvantage that Name might appear with (before ſuch a Trifle as this Play) if it were not too well known, and had been too often prefixt to excellent Pieces of your own, to ſuffer any detraction now: This Dedication will only in ſome meaſure expreſs the Honour that the Humbleſt of your Servants has for your *Grace*, and the Power you have to protect ſo defenceleſs a Poem. But (*Madam*) I confeſs it is too great a Preſumption, for me, to hope that your *Grace* (that makes ſo good uſe of your time with your own Pen) can have ſo much to throw away as once to read this little offspring of mine: And (but that before I found not only Pardon for an Offence of this kind but encouragement) I ſhould deſpair of having this forgiven. When none of all the Nobility of *England* gives encouragement to Wit, but my Lord Duke and your excellent ſelf, you are pleaſed to receive favourably and encourage the very endeavours towards it: and under that notion this poor Play begs your Pardon and Reception. Though it met with oppoſition from the Malice of one party, yet ſeveral men of Wit were kind to it. But whatſoever oppoſition threatens that, or me, it can never prejudice either, if that be Protected by your *Grace*, and I be thought what I really am,

MADAM,

Your Graces moſt Humbly
Devoted Servant,
Tho. Shadwell.

London, April 20. 1671.

MADAM,

BEing an Hundred and fifty Miles from *London*, at a place called *Chaddeſton*, near *Mancheſter*: I had an account, but the laſt Poſt, of the receit of your *Graces* Noble preſent: otherwiſe you had received a more early Acknowledgment with my humble Thanks; which are all the return I can make for that, and many other Favours I have received from *Welbeck*: It had been Bounty enough (and as much as I could have expected) for your *Grace* to have Pardoned the preſumption of my Dedication, which intituled you to the Patronage of ſo ſleight a thing: but to reward my Crime, is beyond expreſſion Generous. Thus your *Grace*, like Heaven, rewards the intention without conſidering the imperfection of the Act. My Deſign was, in ſome meaſure, to teſtify my Gratitude, and the Honour I have for your *Grace*: but even this Acknowledgment has run me more in debt. Your *Grace* is thus reſolved to be before-hand with all your Servants. Let them be never ſo dilligent, your Benefits will out-go their Services; and they can never over-take your Bounty. I, for my part, am in deſpair of ever coming near it: But nothing ſhall ever hinder me from making uſe of all occaſions, I can lay hold on, to teſtify the great Honour I have for my Lord Duke, and your *Grace*, and that I am,

MADAM,

Tour Graces moſt Humble,

and moſt Obedient Servant

Tho. Shadwell.

May, 25. 1671.

Madam

MADAM,

CONsidering that the Divine Gods accept of Offerings, though never ſo trivial, when that their poor and obliged Creatures offer them with true Devotion, incourages me here, by your Favours and Goodneſs, to believe alike of your Ladyſhip, and to hope your Pardon and acceptance of this Sacrifice of Thanks, which in all Humility I thus Dedicate for the Honour of your Book, of which I dare not ſay I am now unworthy, ſince I find where it comes, it has the Efficacy of Great Seals, and Patents, to meliorate both Perſons and Places, and ſuch Eſteem and Reverence as they come welcomed with, I muſt always and much more account due to your Ladyſhips Orations, and to be Eternally paid by,

MADAM,

Your Ladyſhips

Moſt Devoted, Humble,

and Obliged Servant,

Bullingbrooke.

MOST ILLUSTRIOUS PRINCESS,

THOugh deprived ſo many years of your moſt Noble Preſence, yet left your *Grace* ſo perfect an *Idea* in our Thoughts of your great Virtue, and thoſe rare faculties of your Underſtanding, wherewith Nature hath adorned your

your *Grace*, ſo that we ever do admire the ſame, it being often our moſt pleaſing delight to diſcourſe thereof, beſides the remembrance of your many great and undeſerved Favours formerly received; and though we ſtand infinitely Obliged for the ſame unto your *Grace*, yet you are pleaſed to increaſe our Obligations, by Honouring us with the Noble Gift of five ſeveral Books together, of your *Graces* laſt Edition, which eſpecially for what belongs to thoſe Sublime matters of Natural Philoſophy are only for the moſt Learned, and Judicious Underſtandings, and for us to admire, and keep them as a ſingular mark of your Graces great Benevolency toward us, and an Emblem of your high Perfections, after our Lives to be left as a Teſtimony of the ſame. In the mean time we humbly intreat your Grace to preſerve us all in your good Opinion, and Honour me with a belief that I am as long as I live, to the utmoſt of my weak Ability,

Your Graces,

Moſt Humble and moſt

Obedient Servant,

Antwerp, Octob. 20. 1671.

J. Duartes.

My Siſters with the tender of their moſt Obedient Service, Humbly kiſs your Graces Hand.

Madam,

MADAM,

UNto the Rich and Incomparable Preſent of your Excellencies Works, wherewith you have been pleaſed to Honour the Univerſity, I have, by the ſpecial appointment of Mr. *Vice-Chancellor*, given a juſt reception; which word I confeſs we could not uſe without being guilty of great rudeneſs, but that we have placed them by that Illuſtrious Piece wherewith his Excellency your Renowned Lord had before Honoured us, which is it ſelf Incomparable. Indeed *Madam*, the Univerſity finds her ſelf oppreſſed herein with ſo many Obligations in one, that She knows not where to begin her Acknowledgments; as conſidering, that not only her Repoſitories are dignified to be the Cabinet of ſo rich a Jewel, but that She is ſingled out by your Excellency, and valued above the reſt of the World for her Approbation, and (as your Excellency pleaſes to ſtile it) to be a Judge of it. Alas, *Madam*, that is an Office we dare not aſſume, not only without cenſure of Arrogance, but even of Impropriety; for ſeeing that every one is to be judged by their Peeres, who ſhall undertake to be Judge of that that hath no Peer? We may ſee other things by the Light, but to perceive the Light it ſelf we cannot call for another Light; ſo neither may this gallant Work be Judged but by its own Innate Excellency, and the ſplendor it ſelf carrys in it. No, *Madam*, 'tis Honour enough for us that we are taught by it, we will not uſurp upon it; and ſhall count it our Pride and not our Shame to be out-done by ſo Tranſcendent an Example. We acknowledge that we are become inſtructed in the Sciences which our

ſelves profeſs; *Philoſophy, Oratory, Phyſick, Poetry*, we write them over our Doors, but we find them herein at a farr cheaper rate ſent home to thoſe Doors, and that by a hardineſs of Invention which your Excellency firſt hath ſhewed unto the World, and that an eaſy one too, by ſending us to that common and neglected Miſtreſs, even Nature her ſelf, to whoſe Benignity if we would confide (as your Excellency hath done) we ſhould make far greater Progreſſes in the ways of Knowledge and Wiſdom (as likewiſe your Excellency hath done) than through all the tedious Diſciplines wherewith we are detained and vexed in our rugged Nurſeries. Two things do juſtly leave us, *Madam*, under a ſurprize and admiration of your Excellencies great Production; Firſt, that it ſhould proceed from a Perſon of ſo high Honour and Fortune; for Ignorance in ſuch things as thoſe is appointed by the World unto ſuch Eſtates, and thought a kind of Prerogative belonging unto Wealth: And next, that it ſhould proceed from a Sex unaccuſtomed to, and commonly excuſed from ſuch painful and elevated Inquiſitions. For (as your Excellency hath obſerved) men do aſſign to your Sex nothing but vanities, and Trifles for their Portion, and under colour of Courtſhip do confine them in their Education only to ſome inferiour Qualities, and ſo in effect but to a kind of delicate Barbariſm: But herein your Excellency hath ſhew'd great Courage in breaking through that Obſtruction, and by a Female and unuſual Chevalry have reſcued your whole Nation and Sex from the oppreſſion and injury in this point, and of that great Giant, the World. For our part of your Univerſity, we muſt needs ſubſcribe

ſcribe to your Excellencies judgment herein, for 'tis the *Muſes* were eſteemed our beſt Genius's and Sciences did chooſe unto themſelves for their Deities not Patrons but Patroneſſes: and our Corporation of Learning, though it conſiſt all of Men, yet when we would expreſs it in the Abſtract and in Picture we repreſent it by a Woman. And in fine, my ſelf, *Madam*, (who am allowed the Honour to be the Cuſtos of your immortal Donary) muſt be obliged to borrow from a Womans Eloquence exemplified in the Work it ſelf, whereby to expreſs worthily the Reſentments due unto it by thoſe that have employed me, and particularly mine own, who am,

MADAM,

Your Excellencies moſt Humble

and Devoted Servant,

Thomas Lockey,

Keeper of the Publick Library.

May 20. 1663.

MADAM,

EVer ſince I had the happineſs to ſee any of your Graces moſt ingenious Writings, I have felt a mighty Deſire to ſpeak my particular gratitude for thoſe ſingular Compoſures to all which the World is obliged; And had attempted ſomething towards it more than three years ſince, but that my acknowledgments miſcarried in the way. I am, *Madam*, an Admirer of Rarities, and your Grace is really ſo great an one, that I cannot but indeavour

deavour ſome Teſtimony of a proportion'd reſpect and wonder, though perhaps there may be *Indecorum* in the boldneſs of ſuch unknown Addreſſes. I am ſenſible it can contribute nothing to your Graces great ſtock of Fame to be acknowledged by inconſiderable Perſons; But yet we muſt be juſt, and 'tis Religion to celebrate the Virtuous. And I know your Grace is too generous to contemn the offerings of the meaneſt Devoto's, upon the incouragement of which Belief I am bold to beg Favour and acceptance for a Trifle of mine that was deſigned for your Grace, as ſoon as it ſaw the Light, but could not find it's way into the *North*; I ſhould not have the confidence to preſent ſo mean a thing to ſo deep and Sagatious a Judgement, had I not an opinion of your Graces Candor and Goodneſs, equal to my apprehenſion of your other Celebrated Perfections; and theſe are ſo Illuſtrious and ſo great, that our Sex would envy, did they not admire, and your own too, *Madam*, were they not univerſally concerned in the Honour. For your Grace hath convinced the World, by a great inſtance, that Women may be Philoſophers, and, to a Degree fit for the Ambitious emulation of the moſt improved Maſculine Spirits.

But, *Madam*, 'tis time to beg your Graces Pardon for the rudeneſs of this bold intruſion; and I know, that grandure and generoſity of Mind that occaſion'd the fault, will forgive it to

Illuſtrious Madam,

Bath, April 22.

The Humbleſt of your Graces

Admirers, and Servants,

Joſ. Glanvill.

Ma-

MADAM,

THe greateſt Favour I could have expected in Anſwer to my boldneſs, was but a pardon for the confidence of that intruſion; But that your Grace ſhould ſo generouſly accept my Trifles, and make me ſo Glorious a return as I received in your moſt ingenious Letters, this, *Madam*, was an Honour as much beyond my expectation, as deſert; and exceeds all my poſſibilities of acknowledgment. But if ever any thing happen within the reach of my indeavours, by which I may ſerve or gratify your Grace, I ſhall then give evidence of the great reſentment I have of this condeſcention, and the Veneration which is due to a Perſon of ſo obliging and ſo unuſual a Virtue. Your Grace, I know, is Nobly inquiſitive, and hath a rich ſtock of generous Apprehenſions; and Perſons of this Character uſe to be pleaſed in the peruſal of the variety of others Conceptions; And on this account I preſume, that thoſe notions I ſometimes entertain my ſelf with, may not be unacceptable, being not altogether of the road and common track. And if your Grace pleaſe to permit, and pardon my Importunities, I ſhall take occaſion to give you my ſenſe of ſome things that are not of the meaneſt concernments. For the preſent I am obliged to anſwer the particulars of your Grace's Letter, in which your Grace hath very much obliged me by thoſe arguments you are pleaſed to excuſe; and to them I make this humble return.

1. That whereas your Grace calls the Inducements to the belief of Witches, *probable Arguments*, I am apt, with ſubmiſſion, to think ſome of them to

be as great demonſtrations as matter of Fact can bear; being no leſs than the evidence of the Senſes, and Oaths of ſober Atteſtors, and the critical inquiries of Sagacious, and ſuſpitious Perſons; which Circumſtances of Evidence, your grace knows, ſome of thoſe Relations have to prove them. And there is a particular Story which is ſufficiently famous, and of part of which I my ſelf was a Witneſs, which I think is not ſubject to juſt Exception. 'Tis that of the Drum in the Houſe of Mr. *Mompeſſon* of *Tedworth* in *Wiltſhire*. Of this, *Madam*, I ſhall take an occaſion to give your Grace a particular account, if you have not yet been acquainted with the circumſtances of that unuſual diſturbance. But to confine my ſelf now to your Grace's conſiderations on the ſubject; The ſecond thing I obſerve, is,

The intimation of an Argument againſt the Exiſtence of Witches, becauſe *they are not mentioned by Chriſt, and his Apoſtles*, concerning which I humbly deſire your Grace to conſider.

1. That Negative Arguments from Scripture uſe not often to be of any great ſignification or validity. Our Saviour ſpake as he had occaſion, and the thouſandth part of what he ſaid, or what he did, is not recorded, as one Evangeliſt intimates. He ſaid nothing of thoſe large unknown Tracts of *America*, gives no intimations of the Exiſtence of that numerous People, much leſs any inſtructions about their Converſion. He gives no particular account of the affairs and ſtate of the other World, but only that general one, of the happineſs of ſome, and the miſery of others. He makes no diſcovery of the *Magnalia* of Art, or Nature, no not of thoſe whereby the propagation of the Goſpel might have been much

much advanced; *viz.* The Myſtery of *Printing*, and the *Magnet*. And yet no one uſeth his Silence in theſe Inſtances as an Argument againſt the being of things, which are the evident Objects of Senſe. I confeſs the omiſſion of ſome of theſe particulars is pretty ſtrange and unaccountable, and an argument of our Ignorance of the Reaſons and Menages of Providence, but I ſuppoſe of nothing elſe; or if it were, I crave leave to add,

2. That the Goſpel is not without intimations of Sorcery, and contracts with evil Spirits. The malicious *Jews* ſaid our Saviour did his Miracles by their aſſiſtance, *He caſts out Devils by* Beelzebub. And he denys not the ſuppoſition or poſſibility of the thing in general, but clears himſelf by an appeal to the Actions of their own Children, whom they would not ſo ſeverely criminate. And beſides this,

3. The Apoſtles had intimations plain enough of the being of Sorcery and Witchcraft, as ſeems to me evident from *Gal.* 3. 1. *Gal.* 5. 20. *Rev.* 9. 21. *Rev.* 21. 8. *Rev.* 22. 15.

'Tis very true as your Grace ſuggeſts, that Superſtition and Ignorance of Cauſes make Men many times to impute the Effects of Art, and Nature, to Witchcraft and Diabolick Contract. And the Common People think God, or the Devil to be in every thing extraordinary. But yet, *Madam*, your Grace may pleaſe to conſider, That there are things done by mean and deſpicable perſons, tranſcending all the Arts of the moſt knowing and improv'd *Virtuoſi*, and above all the Eſſays of known and ordinary Nature. So that we either muſt ſuppoſe that a ſottiſh ſilly old Woman hath more knowledge of

the

the intrigues of Art, and Nature, than the moſt exerciſed Artiſts, and Philoſophers, or confeſs that thoſe ſtrange things they performe, are done by confœderacy with evil Spirits, who, no doubt, act thoſe things by the ways and applications of Nature, though ſuch as are to us unknown. This, *Madam*, is, I conceive, as much as is neceſſary to be ſaid to the Argumentative part of your Graces excellent Letter.

As for the following Periods, I am moſtly of the ſame Opinion with your Grace, in the way that I underſtand them. Nature is in a continual motion (for there is no ſuch thing as Reſt in the World) and perhaps that is not purely Mechanical, but may, in great part (at leaſt as to the beginnings and directions of it) be aſcribed to the Soul of the World, which poſſibly is the great *Archeus* that formes Plants, Animals, and other more curious *Phœnomena*. And there is no doubt but (as your Grace ſuggeſts) that much wickedneſs is cauſed by the meer impulſe of Lower Nature; and I believe ſeveral Men are determined to Actions of Vice by the odneſs of their particular make and contexture. But whereas your Grace ſaith that nothing but God himſelf can be perfect, I cannot ſo well underſtand that. *Abſolutely ſo, and in all kinds*, 'tis true, I grant it, but your Grace doth not ſeem to intend the propoſition in that ſenſe. And to be Perfect in a lower kind is but to have all the parts and faculties that are requiſite to ſuch a being, in that order, diſpoſition, and all other circumſtances which are ſuitable to its *Idea*, and proper for its reſpective ends. And in this ſenſe I think all things are perfect in their firſt conſtitution; according to what your Grace ſaith afterwards

terwards, That [God cannot create any Imperfection, being abſolute Perfection himſelf] which appoſitely fits mine, but I can not ſee how it ſo well conſiſts with your Graces former aſſertion, except it be intended to infer, *That God made nothing*; a Propoſition which methinks your Grace ſhould not own; but ſome things that follow ſeem to look that way, when you are pleaſed to ſay [Neither can I conceive how God could actually make or act any thing, either in a Mechanical manner, or a Free, being not locally moving] To which I humbly ſay that if your Grace doubts the poſſibility of the Creation out of nothing, I think I can ſpeak ſome things as a Philoſopher, that may render it reaſonable. Nor is actual motion in the Deity neceſſary to his actions, ſince he is Immenſe and needs not local motion to render him preſent by his Eſſence, or his Virtue, to any place of the great Univerſe, being Eternally there by the Infinity of his being, and his Power. And whereas your Grace is pleaſed to ſay, that God is no Mechanick, I conſent that He is not ſo properly, in that he needs not material Inſtruments to act by. But yet he hath made all things by a kind of Geometry; in Number, Weight, and Meaſure, ſaith the *Holy Oracle*. And there is a ſort of Mathematicks in all the Works of Nature.

Thus, *Madam*, I have made bold with your *Graces* Patience, in confidence of your Candor, and your goodneſs, which I implore, for the Pardon of this Voluminous Trouble. And in order to it, I have this to ſay, that I could not well have ſaid leſs without having been wanting in ſome of your *Graces* Periods; and there is ſomething elſe, in which

I deſpair of being ever able to ſay enough, and that is, to expreſs how much I am,

Illuſtrious Madam,

Your Graces Humble Admirer,

Bath, July 8.

and Devoted Servant,

Joſ. Glanvill.

To the Right Honourable, the Lady MARGARET, *Marchioneſs, of* New-Caſtle.

EXCELLENT MADAM,

I Well know that the Generous never propoſe to themſelves any other End of their Favours, beſides Content, which neceſſarily reſults from the purſuance of their own Noble Inclinations, but only the Benefit of the Perſons, upon whom they chooſe to confer them: and that therefore they uſually ſelect ſuch Subjects, whereon to exerciſe their Beneficence, that ſeem more likely to husband it, by a ſilent Devotion, and modeſt Acknowledgment, than to abuſe it, by attempting a Retribution. And this, *Madam*, both teacheth and aſſureth me; that though the Favour you were pleaſed to do me, in ſending me one of your admirable Books, newly publiſhed, under the Elegant and moſt accommodate Title of *The WORLDS OLIO*; be ſo eminent an one, as to require from me a more ſignificant Expreſſion of my Gratitude, than either my Wit, or Fortune, or Intereſt can ever be able to make: yet none can be more acceptable to you, than

than this, *That I intend ever to continue your Debtor.* So much, therefore, I here ſolemnly profeſs; and moſt faithfully promiſe you, that I never will, ſo much as in a wiſh for a Capacity of Retaliation, prophane the Freedom of the Obligation your goodneſs moved you to lay upon me.

But, not to ſtate the Particulars of my Debt, at leaſt in brief; might give you juſt cauſe to ſuſpect, that I underſtand not the Value of what I have received. And, therefore, I humbly ask your leave, that I may acknowledge to you, that you have highly benefited me, in my *Reputation*, in my *Underſtanding*, in my *Affections*.

Firſt, I ſay you have benefited me in my *Reputation*; in that you have declared me capable of ſo ſingular an Honour, as to be in the number of thoſe Perſons, whom you thought worthy to receive ſo rich a Preſent, from ſo Noble a Hand. For me to have ſat among the Multitude, whom your Stationer invites to feaſt upon your *OLIO*, had been proportionable enough to the degree of ſo ordinary a Judgement, as mine: but to be among thoſe few, whom your ſelf had nominated for your Chief Gueſts, was a Grace infinitely above my Ambition.

Secondly, You have benefited my *Underſtanding*; in that your *Philoſophical Phancies* have furniſhed me with variety of ſuch Novel Conceipts, concerning ſundry the moſt difficult Problems in Nature; as that if my Memory be but faithful enough to retain them, I ſhall never be unprovided of ſomwhat that is poynant and grateful, to entertain Curioſity withall: and whenever my own Reaſon is at a loſs, how to inveſtigate the Cauſes of ſome Natural Se-

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cret or other, I ſhall relieve the Company with ſome one pleaſant and unheard of Conjecture of yours. So that by reading of your *Philoſophy*, I have acquired thus much of advantage; that where I cannot Satisfy, I ſhall be ſure to Delight: which is ſomewhat more than I dare promiſe from any other Diſcourſes of the ſame Title; in ſo much as they generally leave the Mind in a kind of Anxiety and Regret, when ever they fail to afford it Satisfaction. And, certainly, if it be (as ſome hold) reaſonable to allow, that the Fictions of Poets, and Romanciſts do uſually take as ſtrong hold of mens Minds, and Charm their Affections as powerfully, as the moſt Authentique Narrations of Hiſtorians; though the Reader well underſtands the Paſſages related by theſe, to be certain Truths, and the adventures deſcribed by Thoſe, to be meerly Imaginary; and this, becauſe Delight is equal on both ſides: if this, I ſay, be juſtifiable, that man can run but little hazard of his Judgement, who ſhall affirm, that your Suppoſition of Fayeries in the Brain, and of our Thoughts being their Conſults and Suggeſtions; and your opinion that the Fayeries digging for Stones in the Quarries of the Teeth, to repair their decay'd Tenements in the Head, is the Cauſe of the Tooth-ach; are as worthy the hearing, as the moſt ſolid demonſtrative Theory of any Philoſopher whatever; inſomuch as theſe may yield both as high and laſting a Delight as that. I ſay Delight as High and Laſting; for, to ſpeak my Thoughts clearly, the Pleaſure that ariſeth from the comprehenſion of the moſt perfect and laborious Demonſtration in *Geometry*, I never could find, either in height or duration, much to exceed that, which I have ſometime been affected withall,

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at the recital of a Facetious Poetical Extravagancy, of which I had not afore heard. Nor do I believe, that the Raptures, and Exultations of *Don Quixot* were much inferior to that famous one of *Archimed*, which tranſported him out of himſelf, as well as out of the Bath, into a loud Exclamation, *I have found it, I have found it.* And the Reaſon of this Equality may be well enough thought, to conſiſt chiefly in the unſatisfiedneſs of our Nature, which always hurrying our Minds on to Novelties, cauſeth us to put an equally cheap rate upon all things we think already in the poſſeſſion of our Underſtanding; and to value acqueſt of a freſh, though perhaps uſeleſs, and abſurd Opinion, above the calm fruition of antient and irregular Maxims. But, this (*Madam*) being a Paradox, ought to have more room, than can be ſpred in a Letter, whoſe deſign'd Argument is Thankfulneſs: and beſides, ſhould I adventure further, to avouch it, the ſame could not but much redound to my diſadvantage; inſomuch as it might render me ſuſpected for ſomething of a Scholar, and conſequently incapable of the Honour and Pleaſure of ſometimes attending you, and hearing your more than ingenious Diſcourſes. For as I remember, in one of your Prefaces, or Epiſtles to your Readers, you have been pleaſed expreſly to declare; *That you never Converſed, ſo much as one Hour, with any Philoſopher, or Profeſſed Scholar, in your whole Life*: and that, doubtleſs, muſt have proceeded from your conſtant Averſion to ſuch blunt Company; not from your want of opportunities to hear what they could ſay. Becauſe, being always Educated among the Nobleſt, and moſt Knowing Perſons of our Nation; you could hardly eſcape the Converſation

ſation of the moſt Learned in all the Arts and Sciences; unleſs you purpoſely withdrew your ſelf from their Society, or ſhut your Ears againſt their Diſcourſes.

But, *Madam*, among thoſe, who have peruſed your Writings, I meet with a ſort of Infidels, who refuſe to believe, that you have alwayes preſerved your ſelf ſo free from the Contagion of Books, and Book-men. And the Reaſon they give me, is this; that you frequently uſe many Terms of the Schools, and ſometimes ſeem to have Imp'd the Wings of your high-flying Phanſy with ſundry Feathers taken out of the Univerſities, or Neſts of *Divines*, *Philoſophers*, *Phiſicians*, *Geometricians*, *Aſtronomers*, and the reſt of the Gowned Tribe. For inſtance, of *Divines*, when you ſpeak of *Prædeſtination*, *Free will*, *Tranſubſtantiation*, *&c.* Of *Philoſophers*, when you mention *Quantity*, *Diſcrete* and *Continued*, the *Univerſal* and *Firſt Matter*, *Attoms*, *Elements*, *Motion*, *Dilatation*, and *Contraction*, *Rarefaction*, and *Condenſation*, *Meteors*, *&c.* Of *Phyſicians*, when you diſtinguiſh of *Choler*, *Phlegme*, *Melancholy*, and *Blood*, and ſpeak of the *Circulation of the Blood*, of *Venricles* in the *Heart* and *Brain*, of *Veins*, *Arteries*, and *Nerves*, and expatiate upon *Fevers*, *Apoplexies*, *Convulſions*, *Droqſies*, and divers other Diſeaſes, with their particular Cauſes, Symptoms, and Cures: Of *Geometricians*, when you touch upon *Triangles*, *Squares*, *Circles*, *Diameters*, *Circumferences*, *Centres*, *Lines*, ſtreight and crooked, and their proportions each to other, and that invincible Problem, the *Quadrature of the Circle*: Of *Aſtronomers*, when you ſpeak of the *Horizon*, *Meridian*, *Æquator*, *Zodiack*, *Ecliptick*, *Tropicks*, *Poles of the World*, and of the *Ecliptick*, and in a manner

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run over the whole Doctrine of the Sphere, repreſenting the model of the Univerſe, and caſt ſome tranſitory glances alſo upon the Doctrine Theorical concerning the Motions of the Orbs, and Planets. Nor can I, indeed, hope to diſſolve the ſtifneſs of theſe mens unbelief; untill I ſhall be better able to convince them, that all theſe Scholaſtical Terms and Notions may be brought into the World with us, and afterwards drawn forth of the Soul, by ſolitary Meditation, and the labour of ones own Thoughts; and are not rather inſtilled into it, and impreſt upon it, by often Hearing, or Reading the Diſcourſes of others, who profeſs thoſe Arts and Sciences to which they belong, and for the more plain and methodical teaching whereof, they were firſt Invented and Recorded. But I fear me, while I inſiſt thus particularly upon the Reaſon alleadged by theſe men, in defence of their Diffidence, I may fall into the ſame danger, for the avoidance of which, I even now left my Paradox deſtitute of Aſſertion: and therefore I lay by that ſubject, and take up another more opportune and conſiderable, as to the diſcharge of my Duty, and confeſſing how many wayes you have obliged me.

I acknowledge, therefore, in the laſt place; that my *Affections* muſt own you for their Benefactreſs. For thoſe many Moral Apothegms, and Satyrical Remarques upon the Manners of Men and Women, which you have frequently inſperſed upon the Leaves of your Book, are ſo pathetically delivered, and with ſuch vigour of proper and familiar Language preſſ'd home to the Boſome of every man; as that that perſon muſt be irrecover ably loſt in the darkneſs of Vice, who doth not, through thhm, clearly

diſcern

discern the Lustre and Amiableness of Virtue, and thereupon instantly abominate his former Deformities, and become your perfect Proselite. When a Young, Noble, Beautiful, Witty, and Sprightly Lady, one on whom all the Pleasures of the World seem to be Enamoured, and in throngs offer themselves to be accepted and commanded by her; when such an one, I say is heard to Preach up *Temperance*, *Abstinence*, *Modesty*, *Chastity*, *Solitude*, and the suppression of all irregular sensual Appetites. What *Sardanapalus* is there, who must not blush at the memory of his Vicious Acts, and being convinced, that the delights of a Soul, well ordered according to the rules of Virtue and Honour, are infinitely more charming and desirable, than the most magnified Pleasures of the Body, swimming in an Ocean of Luxury, and Laciviousness; firmly resolve with himself, thenceforth to seek for Felicity, not in the short Titillations and Blandishments of the Senses, but in the Purity and constant Serenity of the Mind. Is it possible, that any of our Ladies, should retain her pretences of *Platonick Love*, or continue the practise of her petty Arts of Daubing and Painting, of Dissembling, Medisanse, and Detraction: after she hath once read your smart Invectives against them, and solid Arguments to shew, that they may all be justly suspected for Bawds to procure and conceal the fruition of that Pleasure, which doth not consist in the admiring conversation of Souls, but in the close Conjunction of Bodies, and the satisfaction of that rank Appetite of the Flesh, commonly called Lust? In a word; what Sex, Age, Constitution, Condition is there, whose most secret Ulcers, the sharpness of your Wit and Pen hath not launced

open

open to the bottom; and afterward preſcribed moſt eaſy and certain Remedies for the Cure of them? So that I may well conclude this Paragraph with ſaying that your Moral Eſſayes contain wiſe Precepts enough in them, for the Reformation of the Age we live in, and that, certainly, is ſo bad that no Man need ever fear a worſe.

And, now, Incomparable *Madam*, having done my Homage to you, in token of what I hold by the tenure of your Wit and Bounty, it remains, that I humbly beg your Pardon for the rude and tedious manner of it. And that, I hope, you will grant me, when you have conſidered, that the Devotion may be ſincere, where the Ceremonies are imperfect; and I have aſſured you, that I will never omit to pay you thoſe Dues of Thanks, and conſtant Obſervance, that belong to you, from me, as one whom your Goodneſs hath made,

Your Eternal Honourer,
and Faithful Servant,
W. Charleton.

London, January 1. 1654.

To the moſt Illuſtrious, and moſt Excellent Princeſs,
Margaret *Dutcheſs of* New-Caſtle.

MOST ILLUSTRIOUS PRINCESS,

SEeing your *Graces* ſingular Genius, hath long ſince been experienced, and fully diſcovered to us; for ſuch as is both accompliſh'd with all various Learning, and furniſhed with a Native Curteſie; that for its high abilities, it is able; and for

its eminent Candor, it uſually obtains infinitely upon the favourers of Learning: We obliged on both theſe accounts, were unwilling to incurr ſo great a Crime, as not chearfully to Conſecrate to your *Grace*, theſe our Acknowledgments, as Arguments of our Eternal Obſervance. Your *Graces* goodneſs having this, peculiar and above others, that 'tis neither forced by Solicitations of Friends, nor Importunities of Petitions, but voluntary and of its own accord flowes out, and delivers it ſelf. Truely every more than ordinary Spirit is powerfully drawn out to what is like it ſelf, invites, embraceth, and preſerves, whatever bears the name of any kind of Excellency, as allyed to it. But how truely Magnificent is this of your *Grace*, that the Arts themſelves, by your *Graces* Example, are render'd more Auguſt and Veneráble? How ſhall future Ages ſtoop under the weight of your *Graces* Fame, that your *Grace* in that Nobility of Extract, and confluence of Fortune, ſhould yet outvie in the Methods of Learning, even thoſe, whoſe neceſſities muſt prompt them to diligence? Wherein your *Grace* hath made ſo happy a progreſs, that never any can more appear, a Devotiſt to, or Proficient in Learning: ſo that your *Graces* teeming Brain is ever bringing forth ſome new Miracle: and though a Woman, yet hath merited the Diadem of Learning before Men; though a Courtier, yet before the Academicks: In a word, wherein any one, is in any thing Excellent, yet is your *Grace* in that thing far more excellent. Nor can we believe, that any mortal Man, no not your *Grace* our Princeſs (with your *Graces* Pardon) can from Natures inſtinct, or humane ſtrength be excited and raiſed to ſo manifold

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and profound Speculations. It muſt neceſſary, be that that moſt capacious Soul of your *Grace*, expatiating it ſelf ſo far into all ſorts of Learning, is Divinely inſpired; that almoſt Infinite Comprehenſion of ſo many and ſo great Notions informes us, how great a meaſure of the Heavenly Spirit hath poſſeſt your *Grace*; and that no ſingle Deity hath enlarged this one Soul unto the Immenſe Tracts of all the Sciences. With theſe happy Omens hath your *Grace* reached unto, whatever in the Arts ſeemed good unto your *Grace* when ſome Diviner *Genius* of your *Grace* our Princeſs, judged the Notion of any clear Truth, would be beneficial. And whereas it was your *Graces* Work, not to give Reaſons, but Magiſterially to Prononce, as from an Oracle; (yet ſuch is your *Graces* condeſcention) that all your *Graces* Tenets are aſſerted and confirmed with moſt Cogent Arguments: as if we did not owe a Belief, and had not a certain Devotion obliging our Aſſent to your *Graces* bare Aſſertion. Henceforth therefore do we Deſtine our ſpare hours unto theſe kinds of Studies, and are reaching unto the perfection of Philoſophy, ſeeing your *Grace* hath judged theſe Speculations ſuch as are worthy your *Graces* Intentions, and nearer *Approximations*: for ſuch an happy clearneſs of Wit ſhall render every theng diſcoverable and fully to be comprehended, and that moſt free inclinination of your *Graces* Candor will communicate every thing diſcovered to your *Graces Cantabrigians*. Yet leſt we ſhould give our ſelves up to unworthy Eaſe, and Conſecrate our ſelves to Sloth, your *Grace* hath left us one very difficult Task, namely Thankfulneſs. Foraſmuch then, through your *Graces* Labours, *Minerva's*

Pupils

Pupils have now obtained that Divine thing, which they may, without error, purſue, to wit a calm repoſe in all our Studies; we therefore judge that a more Honourable Monument was never at any time erected, to any of the ancient Kings or Emperours, than what we here humbly dedicate to your *Graces* worthy name and memory.

To Margaret *the Firſt:*
Princeſs of Philoſophers:
Who hath diſpelled Errors:
Appeaſed the differences of Opinions:
And reſtored Peace,
To Learnings Commonwealth.

From the Colledge of the Sacred and Individual Trinity.
Octob. 5. 1668.

Poems

POEMS, &c.

To the moſt Illuſtrious and moſt Excellent Princeſs,
The Marchioneſs of NEW-CASTLE.
After the reading of her Incomparable POEMS.

MADAM,

WIth ſo much Wonder we are ſtrook
When we begin to read your matchles Book; (ſtays
A while your own exceſs of Merit
Our forward Pens, and do's ſuſpend your Praiſe;
Till time our minds do's gently recompoſe,
Allayes this Wonder, and our Duty ſhow's;
Inſtructs us how your Virtues to Proclaim,
And what we ought to pay to your great Fame;
Your Fame which in your Countrey has no Bounds!
But whereſoever Learning's known, it ſounds.
Thoſe Graces Nature did till now divide,
Your Sexes Glory, and our Sexes Pride,
Are joyn'd in you, and all to you ſubmit,
The brighteſt Beauty, and the ſharpeſt Wit;

No Faction here, or fiercer Envy ſwayes,
They give you Mirtle, while we offer Bayes;
What Mortal dares diſpute thoſe Wreath's with you?
Arm'd thus with Lightning and with Thunder too.
This made the great *New-Caſtle's* Heart your prize;
Your Charming Soul, and your Victorious Eyes,
Had only pow'r his Martial mind to tame,
And raiſe in his Heroick Breaſt a Flame;
A Flame, which with his Courage ſtill aſpires,
As if Immortal Fewel fed thoſe Fires:
This mighty *Chief*, and your great ſelf made One,
Together the ſame Race of Glory run;
Together on the Wings of Fame you move,
Like yours his Virtue, and like his your Love.
While we, your Praiſe endeav'ring to rehearſe,
Pay that great Duty, in our humble Verſe,
Such as may juſtly move your anger; you
Like Heaven forgive them, and accept them too:
But what we cannot, your brave *Hero* payes,
He builds thoſe Monuments we ſtrive to raiſe;
Such, as to after Ages ſhall make known,
While he Records your deathleſs Fame, his own;
So when an Artiſt ſome rare Beauty draws,
Both in our Wonder ſhare, and our Applauſe;
His Skill, from time, ſecures the Glorious Dame,
And makes himſelf Immortal in her Fame.

George Etherege.

To her Excellency the Lady Marchioneſs of New-Caſtle, *on Her Incomparable Works.*

MADAM,

WHen with ſtol'n Metaphors we would diſplay
Thoſe Glorious Lights which rule our Night and Day,
We call them *Lamps* and *Spangles*, and ſuborn
Our Wits t'obſcure, what we cannot adorn:
But when ſome fading Beauty haunts our Eyes
Tempting to Praiſe, what Greateſt Souls Deſpiſe,
We can advance the Phraſe all ſmoothly runs,
Her Cheeks are Roſes, and her Eyes are Suns.
Great Virtues only by themſelves are prais'd;
What's higheſt higher by no Art is rais'd:
'Tis proper only to our Imperfections
To need, or to admit, our Wit's Protections.
Were your Pen's Noble Iſſue ſuch ſmall things,
As the fine Poet to his Miſtris ſings:
Or elſe ſuch pretty Babies as are ſent
Out from the lab'ring Preſs, to Complement
Our Childiſh Age; which nothing ſo wel pleaſes
As Liſpings, Weakneſs, and Wit's Diſeaſes:
Then I, perhaps amongſt the reſt might waſt
Some Paper, to be your *Encomiaſt*;
And, in the preſent mode; pick Crums and Scraps
From Sirs that wear their Phancyes in their Caps,
And Cook a Meſs of Bumbaſt to delude
And glut at once the gaping multitude.
But 'tis your Wit's prerogative to be
As far above all Praiſe as Flattery:

And

And ſince you have ſaid All, we boldly may
Excuſe our ſelves, you've left us nought to ſay.
In ev'ry Line you give us we deſcry
Your *Panægyrick*, our *Apology*:
Where all's ſo well like you, that to conceive
Ought but our wonder may admittance have,
Is to ſuppoſe, you either cannot ſee
Our meanneſs, or will veil your Majeſty.
Then he betrays your Name whoe're eſſayes
To load it with vain Epithets of Praiſe:
Who ſeems to underſtand all you have writ,
T'advance his own, doth much abaſe your Wit.
Madam we're in a maze: ſuch Glorys can
Not be beheld by what is only Man.
When you are pleas'd to work new Miracles
We'll ſee and read what's yours and nothing elſe:
When you give Eyes as well as Light, when you
With Language will on us new Tongues beſtow,
When you can make us write juſt as you do;
We'll learn to praiſe your *Works*: But ſure it is
Impoſſible; you can do all but this.
'Tis equally abſurd for us to gueſs
We e're ſhould do ſo much or you ought leſs.
Thanks for our Freedom from the learned Thrall
Of thrice-three Miſtreſſes; you're One and All:
Thoſe antique wits which ereſt would not be ſeen,
But in a miſt of obſcure Tongues which Screen
More Follies far than Phanſies, are become
Like their own Pump'd-out Oracles all dumb;
Great *Ariſtotle* and his greater * Maſter
With their long rabble have the ſame diſaſter.
Theſe Paper-Armies *Bodly*'s Goal contains
Your Captives are, fretting in Iron Chains.

* Plato

One

One Lady's pregnant Brain has ſlain whole hoſts
Of Rabbys, and quite laid their Paper-ghoſts,
VVhich haunted all our Studies, and perplex'd
Our wearied thoughts with a Moth-eaten Text.
VVho would not give a life that he might live
In the next Age, to ſee the Learned ſtrive
VVhoſe Margin ſhould ſtrut biggeſt with your Name
VVho raiſe up higheſt Pyramids of Fame
Over your peaceful Aſhes; may it be
Such *Phœnixes* can know mortality.
VVas it her modeſty (for ſhe's a VVoman)
Made Nature Coy, and ſhew her ſelf to no man?
She walk'd in Vizors till ſhe met with you.
VVhat wonder if ſhe did retir'dneſs vow
And to our Ruffian Sex ſhewd Nun that late
Unveil'd to your Sex; and but one of that?
You need not fear to die, ſhe needs muſt live
Her ſelf, whoſe Noble Office 'tis to give
Life to our late Poſterity: each line
Of yours muſt be their Oracle, your Shrine.
Your Images the work of your own Pen
Shall fruſtrate all the curteous Cheats of men,
Pronouncing all your true adorers bleſt
VVithout the help of Conjuror or Prieſt.
Be merciful to Captives (*Madam*) and
Kill not all thoſe that bend at your Command.
Your ſofteſt Sex your Noble Order ſhall
Vote all ſuch cruelty Apocryphal.
You have ſubdu'd the VVorld of Learning, ſpare
At leaſt ſo much alive as may declare
VVho was the Conqueror; that all may know
VVhate're ſurvives is owing all to you.

You have out-done what's mortal; Imitate
Thoſe Pow'rs above which to maintain their ſtate
Let ſome poor vaſſals live, and worſhip'd are
Not by whom they deſtroy, but whom they ſpare.
Then ſheathe your Conqu'ring Pen ſince nothing now
Remains unvanquiſh'd but your *Works* and you.

On her Grace the Dutcheſs of New-Caſtles *Cloſet.*

WHat place is this? looks like ſome Sacred Cell
Where holy Hermits anciently did dwell,
And never ceas'd Importunating Heav'n
Till ſome great Bleſſing unto Earth was giv'n;
Is this a Ladys Cloſet? 'tcannot be,
For nothing here of vanity you ſee;
Nothing of Curioſity nor Pride,
As all your Ladies Cloſets have beſide;
No mirrour here in all the Room you find;
Unleſs it be the mirrour of the Mind,
Nor Pencil here is found, nor Paint agen
But only of her Ink and of her Pen.
Which renders her an Hundred times more fair
Than they with all their Paints and Penſils are:
Here ſhe is Rapt, here falls in Extaſy
VVith ſtudying high and deep *Philoſophy*:
Here theſe clear Lights deſcend into her Mind
VVhich, by Reflection, in her Books you find,
And thoſe high Notions and *Idea's* too,
VVhich, but herſelf, no VVoman ever knew,
VVhence

Whence ſhe's their chiefeſt Ornament and Grace,
And Glory of our times: Hail Sacred Place!
To which the World in after times ſhall come,
As unto *Homer*'s Shrine, or *Virgil*'s Tomb,
Hon'ring the Walls in which ſhe made abode,
The Air ſhe breath'd and Ground whereon ſhe trod,
Counting him happy, who but ſees the Place
And happier who leaſt Relick of her has;
For whoſe Sole Inkhorn they as much would bid
As once for *Epictetus*'s they did.
Thus Fame ſhall Celebrate, and thus agen
The Arts ſhall honour her, who honour'd them,
Whilſt others who in other things did truſt
Shall, after Death, lye in forgotten Duſt.

To the Illuſtrious Princeſs, Margaret, *Dutcheſs of* New-Caſtle, *on Her Incomparable Works:*

VErtue, and Wit's great *Magazine*,
Accept an Offering to your Shrine,
Whoſe wondrous Raptures needs muſt raiſe
All Souls to Poetry or Praiſe:
With ſuch Amazement I was ſtrook,
(*Madam*) when firſt I read your Book,
To ſee your Sex with ſo great Parts,
Treat of all Sciences and Arts,
As if Inſpir'd i'th' Times of Old,
When Poetry all things foretold.
That *Waller*, *Denham*, and the *Wits*,
Who write ſuch mighty things by fits;
I did expect ſhould all at leaſt,
Have ſent in Preſents to the Feaſt,

But that they chooſe to write no more,
Shews they're out-done and ſo give o're,
Though 'tis allow'd their luck was ſuch,
They did Coyne Mettle that held Touch,
Like Min'raliſts, they ſprung a Vein
Of Oare, they could not long maintain;
Your Pregnant Brain does every day
Spring Mines of *Gold*, without allay,
The Droſs you ſo Refine that we,
Only the purer Mettle ſee,
Yours is th'*Elixar* of true Wit,
Becauſe it finds all Subjects fit.
Had *Spencer* liv'd your *Works* t'have ſeen,
You muſt have been his *Fairy-Queen.*
Great *Virgil* would have thought it due,
Not to name *Dido* Queen, but *You.*
And had you liv'd when *Ovid* writ
You'd been the Subject of his Wit;
He would have made a richer Piece
Of you, than *Helen* fair of *Greece.*
You've all that's bleſt in humane kind,
In outward form, and in your mind:
When you with Beauty do invite,
Your Virtue checks proud Appetite.
Some Ladys think they'r born in vain
Unleſs they Teem; your fruitful Brain
Brings better iſſue; here's the odds,
They pleaſe but Men, you pleaſe the *Gods.*
Strange Power 'tis you Govern by,
What Nature asks you can deny:
Great Miracle in what you do,
That can Charm Men and Angels too;
Th'honour and envy of our Age,
That write for Gown-men, and the Stage;

Though

Though you ſpeak to us in one Tongue,
You ſeem all Languages t'have known,
And Secrets to the World reveal,
As if the Gods did ſometimes ſteal,
To tell you News, and from above
You knew all paſſages of Love,
We muſt conclude 'tis only thence
You can have your Intelligence,
By which our Knowledge you ſo raiſe,
You merit *Crowns*, that ask but *Bayes*.

To the moſt Accompliſh'd and Incomparable Princeſs,
The Dutcheſs of New-Caſtle *her Grace.*

MAdam, 'tis you whom both in Form and Mind,
Nature has favour'd 'bove all Female kind,
You have been conſtant from the firſt of Youth
To Friendſhip, Juſtice, Chaſtity and Truth,
Wit in your Childhood did begin to reign,
And like the Tide came flowing in amain,
Wherein ſuch high Conceptions did lye,
As rais'd a new and true *Philoſophy*.
Things *Natural* and *Moral* you have writ,
And both in *Scenes* and *Poems* ſhew'd your Wit,
Letters and *Dialogues* declare your Fame,
In *Hiſtory* you Eternalize the Name
Of your Dear *Lord*, when truly you relate
His Loyal Actions for the *King* and *State*;
All this makes you admir'd and envied too,
'Cauſe you've done more than any yet could do,
In you the Glory of your Sex do's ſhine,
And all perfections in your Soul combine,

What ever is thought Virtue's found in you,
Your mind is high, and yet 'tis humble too;
Not *Pride* (as *Envy* ſtiles it) but a Flame
More noble ſtrives t'immortalize your Fame,
For you do ſtoop to thoſe of low deſcent,
And with compaſſion to their Caſe reſent,
Which Fortune Frowns upon: How can there be
A nobler Mind and nearer Deity?
Nay *Fortune* ſeeing how *Nature* favour'd you,
To her Perfections added Honour too;
Thus Honour, Beauty, Wit, and Virtue joyn'd,
Made you the greateſt Wonder of your Kind,
Let none preſume to draw your Picture then
For you ſurpaſs all th'art and Skill of Men,
Who e're looks on you with a ſtricter view
Sees Natur's chiefeſt maſterpiece in You.

To the Glory of her Sex, the moſt Illuſtrious Princeſs, the Lady Marchioneſs of New-Caſtle, *upon her moſt admirable Works.*

NOw let enfranchiz'd Ladies learn to write,
And not Paint white, and red, but black, and white,
Their Bodkins turn to Pens, to Lines their Locks,
And let the Inkhorn be their Dreſſing-box:
Since, *Madam*, you have Scal'd the walls of Fame,
And made a Breach where never Female came.
Had Men no Wit, or had the World no Books,
Yet here's enough to pleaſe the curious looks
Of Every Reader: ſuch a General Strain,
Would reinſtruct the School-boy-world again,

Philoſo-

Philoſophers and *Poets* were of old
The two great *Lights*, that humane minds control'd;
The one t'adorn, the other to explain,
Thus *Learnings* Empire then was cut in twain.
But Univerſal *Wit* and *Reaſon* joyn's
To make you Queen: nor can your ſacred Lines
Without a Paradox be well expreſs'd
Truth never was ſo naked, nor ſo dreſs'd.
Majeſtick Quill! that keeps our minds in Awe,
For *Reaſons* Kingdom knows no *Salique* Law,
Or if that Law was ever fram'd 'twas then
When Women held the Diſtaff not the Pen.
The Court the City, Schools and Camp agree,
Welbeck to make an Univerſity,
Of *Wit* and *Honour*, which has been the Stage,
Since 'twas your *Lords* the Heroe of this Age;
Whoſe Noble Soul is Steward to great Parts,
And do's diſpence his Reaſons and his Arts,
His *Wit* and *Power*, his *Greatneſs*, and his *Senſe*,
With as much Freedom, and Magnificence,
As when our *Engliſh Jove* became his Gueſt,
And did receive a more than Humane Feaſt.
With *Arts* of *Wit*, he mixes thoſe of Force
And *Pegaſus* is his old Manag'd Horſe.
No wonder he excells all other Men,
They but Nine *Muſes* had, and he has Ten.
A Lady whoſe Immortal Pen transferrs,
To our Sex Shame and Envy, Fame to hers;
Whoſe Genius traces *Wit* through all her wayes
In abſtruſe *Notions*, *Poems*, and in *Playes*.
Then why ſhould we the mouldy Records keep
Of *Plautus*, or diſturb *Ben Johnſon's* Sleep?
The *Silent Woman* Famous heretofore
Has been, but now the VVriting Lady more.

On

On the Dutcheſs of New-Caſtle *her Grace.*

MADAM,

WHilſt others ſtudy Books, I ſtudy you,
And can b'Experience this affirm for true,
Of all your Sex you have the greateſt worth
As ever yet theſe later times brought forth,
And I have Studied many, and ſome ſuch
As former times could hardly better much,
Your Soul ſo Spiritual it doth appear
Fram'd for ſome Angel of a higher Sphere,
However 'twas infus'd, I know not how,
Into a mortal Body here below,
Aſpiring reſtleſly like Fire and Flame
To mount again to th'Sphere from whence it came,
So nobly active, as it doth by Truth,
As by the World the *Macedonian* Youth,
As ſoon as y'ave o'recome and Conquer'd one,
You grieve there are not more to overcome,
There being nothing ſo Sublime and High
But you can reach in all *Philoſophy*;
Nor ſo profound and deep again, but you
With eaſe, can dive and penetrate into,
Your Virtues being ſo infinite, I find
When I conſider but your Soul and Mind,
'Twere eaſier for me never to begin
Than ever to give o're when once I'm in;
Which whoſoe're ſhould go about to tell,
Might number all the Stars of Heav'n as well,
The blades of Graſs upon Earth's ſpacious Plain,
Or Sands the Sea's vaſt Boſome does contain.

But

But as your greateſt Beauties have their moles,
So ſome ſmall faults are ſtill in greateſt Souls,
And I ſhall tell you, *Madam*, what they be,
T'acquit my ſelf, o'th Crime of Flattery:
'Tis an Ambition above mortal ſtate,
And Mind with Glory never ſatiate,
Without which Glory and Ambition
No noble Action yet was ever done,
So avidious and ſo Covetous of Fame,
As only for Eternizing their Name
They, as the *Phœnix* life to's young do's give,
Would be content to die that that might live.
But now I'll tell what my opinion is
Of Fame (and pardon if I Judge amiſs:)
Fame's but a ſhadow of great action,
And but the *Eccho* of't when we are gone,
Than whoſe Trumpet no Muſick is more ſweet
Nor none's alive more pleas'd with hearing it,
But I do'nt know what pleaſure I ſhould have,
When I am dead with Muſick at my Grave.

An Elegy upon the death of the Incomparable Princeſs Margaret *Dutcheſs of* New-Caſtle.

HEnceforth be Dumb, ye Oracles of Wit;
Ye humbly muſt to Fate ſubmit:
How ſoon muſt ye decline! How low muſt fall!
Since She is gone who did Inſpire ye all?
Her Books are the beſt Patterns for the Pen,
Her Perſon was the beſt of Subjects too;

In Wit and Senſe She did excel all Men;
And all her Sex in Virtue did outgoe.

Though Grief affords ſome Eloquence,
Henceforth expect but little Senſe;
For, ſince ſhe's gone, all we can do
Will but the Pangs of Dying-writers ſhow.
When the bright Ruler of the Day
Th'*Horizon* of his Preſence has bereſt
Some feeble ſtreaks of Light are left,
Yet darkneſs ſoon muſt come, and all that light decay.
Our Sun's forever ſet, we have no hope
Of this as of the other Sun's return:
We all in Darkneſs muſt forever grope,
And we for ever muſt in Tears her abſence mourn.

Philoſophers muſt wander in the dark;
Now they of Truth can find no certain mark;
Since She their ſureſt Guide is gone away,
They cannot chuſe but miſerably ſtray.
All did depend on Her, but She on none,
For her *Philoſophy* was all her own.
She never did to the poor Refuge fly
Of Occult *Quality* or *Sympathy*.
She could a Reaſon for each Cauſe preſent,
Not truſting wholly to Experiment,
No Principles from others ſhe purloyn'd,
But wiſely Practice ſhe with Speculation joyn'd.

None was more good, and once none was more fair:
She was not as moſt of her frail Sex are;
Who'ave Fruitful *Wombs* but Baren *Brains*,
She left the beſt Remains:

Though

Though we no Iſſue of her Body find
Yet ſhe hath left behind
The Nobler Iſſue of her mighty *Mind*;
Learning ſhe needed not, nor yet deſpis'd:
Though from herſelf all Arts ſhe knew;
The truly Learn'd ſhe nobly Patroniz'd,
And every Artiſt, ſhe encourag'd too.

Let all her Sex faſhion by her their Lives:
She was the beſt of *Women*, beſt of *Wives*.
T'her Lord Sh'was warme and loving as the Spring,
But to all others cold as Winters Ice,
Her ſight on all a ſhiv'ring awe did bring,
And nipt, at firſt, all vain attempts of Vice;
But though in Love ſhe bore a Noble pride,
She to each Skilful man of Art
Her Converſation freely doth impart,
And to all others civil was beſide.

But we by praiſing thus provoke our Grief
VVhich never can expect Relief,
Nor can the moſt luxurious Praiſe
(Though penn'd with Art that might deſerve the Bayes.)
Nor all which we can think afford
Eaſe to her much lamenting Lord:
Whoſe loſs does now by far outvye
All he yet e're ſuſtain'd
Yet he once loſt much more for Loyalty
Than any Subject, and much leſs has gain'd;
This noble half ſhe left behind
Who by her much lamented death muſt find
Too great a Trial for the greateſt Mind.

Oh

Oh what Expedient can there be
Found to ſupport his Magnanimity!
The beſt of Husbands, and the nobleſt Peer;
The beſt of Generals, beſt of Subjects too,
Whoſe Arts in Peace as well as War appear:
He knows how to adviſe, and how to do;
His Prudence and his Courage might uphold
The moſt decay'd and crippled State,
And reſcue it from the Jawes of Fate:
His Body may, but Mind, can ne're be old;
Him ſhe has left, and from our ſight is hurl'd
And Glorioufly ſhines in the true Blazing VVorld.

Thomas Shadwell.

An Elegy on the Death of the Incomparable Dutcheſs of NEW-CASTLE.

IF with due honour you would Solemnize
The great *New-Caſtles* Funeral Obſequies
Let every Science in cloſe-mourning ſtand
About the Hearſe, with Cypreſs in her hand:
Philoſophy herſelf ſhall hold the Pall,
(She's the chief Mourner at this Funeral)
Philoſophy which well the *Poets* drew
With Womens Features; here we find it true,
Nature, whoſe *Lovers* (in their Courtſhip rude)
Into her Privy-Chambers did intrude,
Out of her own Sex modeſtly one choſe,
To whom her ſelf ſhe naked did diſcloſe:
VVho all her wonders did ſo well explain,
That ſhe the only wonder did remain.

Let

Let *Rhetorick*, the pow'rful *Syren* there
Dreſt in her richeſt *Livery* appear;
Dreſt in thoſe Robes which *Tully* to her gave
When the *Worlds* Miſtreſs *Rome*, he made her Slave;
Or the ſtrong Reaſon of *New-Caſtles* Books,
VVeav'd with the Charming ſoftneſs of her *Looks*:
But yet her weakneſs let her here confeſs,
Her Silence beſt this Sorrow do's expreſs.
The *Muſes* Her in laſting Tears ſhall ſteep,
The *Graces* mourn, and *Comœdy* ſhall weep:
And thouſand *Cupids* ſigh forth mournful Airs,
And wiſh for Eyes, to eaſe their Grief by Tears.
Let them their Bowes in ſign of honour wave,
And with their Torches light her to her Grave.
Nor will they this attendance her deny,
Thoſe Torches firſt were lighted at her Eye.
VVho now their un-arm'd Deities will dread?
Their Magazine is now demoliſhed.
Yet did not her *Muſe* kindle unchaſt Fires,
That Heav'nly *Cupid* Heav'nly Thoughts inſpires:
No Kitchin-flames before her Beams would burn,
And wanton *Love* did to Devotion turn.
Thus *Sol* at once lifts up the *Lamp* of Day,
And warms at once, and bids the *Perſian* Pray.
Great Iſſue of *Natures* united Pow'rs!
Glory of your Sex, and Diſgrace of ours!
VVhich ſhall I call the greater Prodigy,
That you were ſuch, or being ſuch could Dye?
Did *Nature* fear leſt that thy boundleſs Mind
For future ſearch ſhould nothing leave behind?
Or did you take this flight to Heav'n to ſee
How it with Thy fair Model did agree?
Whate're the cauſe; Joy rings through every Sphere;
And Heav'n more Heaven is ſince you came there.

None in it with more Native *Luſtre* ſhine,
Or livelier do reflect the light Divine.
Such ſpotleſs Innocence in that Boſome lyes,
Eve thinks ſhe brought you forth in *Paradice*:
For that firſt crime left not a leſſer trace
On any Breaſt of all her num'rous Race;
Excepting one, whom you ſit next to there,
Who her Creator in her Womb did bear:
And with her too almoſt you may contend,
What He Created you did Comprehend.
Bleſt Soul, who dwelleſt in Eſſential Light,
Direct us loſt in Ignorance, and Night!
Whilſt we with grateful Off'rings, what before
We all admir'd, do humbly now adore.

Knightly Chetwood,
Coll. Regal. Cant.

In Obitum *Margaretæ Duciſſæ* Novo-Caſtrenſis.

BArbara jam ſileat, ſileat quoque Graia vetuſtas,
Nec jactet fidas Itala *terra nurus:*
Hanc unam attonitum non mendax Fama *per Orbem*
Centeno potiùs debuit ore loqui:
Dulcè cavâ Sapphô *teſtudine flebat amorem,*
Sed nec pulchra ſatis, ſed neque caſta fuit:
Hæc toto numeris animóque, & corpore conſtat,
Vita etiam caſtis conſonat ipſa modis.
Arſit fida ſuum Letho quóque Portia Brutum,
Cæſaris at tinctus Sanguine Brutus *erat:*

Hujus

Hujus dum Regem ſequitur per Bella Maritus,
Per medios Ignes Ipſa ſequuta Virum.
Mauſolum *epotum taceat Regina, ſub imo*
Viventem vivens Hæc quóque corde tulit:
Penſile nec Tumuli jactet; † *monumenta Mariti* † Vitam ejus deſcripſit.
Duratura magis condidit iſta ſui.
Natorum numero Niobe *non provocet Illam,*
Nec ſpecie, Niobes *quæ Dea ſtravit opes:*
Bis ſeptem è gravido, ceu Jupiter, *Illa cerebro*
Pignora dat; (decuit ſic peperiſſe Deam)
Pignora ceu ſpeculo totum referentia mundum,
Non niſi cum Mundo pignora digna Mori.
Ah! cur non placuit Tibi vivæ Academia ſedes,
(Ceu * *Ducis) ut jactet nomine Granta tuo!* * Qui fuit è Coll. Johannes Cantabr.
Invidit ſexus; jam Filia non potes eſſe,
E Fama titulus nec foret ille Tuâ.
At dum pauperibus legâſti Scripta Camœnis
Ditia, dum Mammas exeris uſque Tuas,
(Nunc eniam ſuper Aſtra faves) Academia Mater
Te Matrem poſthàc eſt habitura ſuam

Knightly Chetwood,
Coll. Regal. Cantabr.

Upon

Upon the Death of the Illuſtrious and Incomparable Lady, Margaret *Dutcheſs of* New-Caſtle.

1.

DEath! thou haſt done thy worſt, we dread not now
The threatnings of thy angry Brow.
By thy laſt victory we're hard'ned grown,
Learnt to deſpiſe thy malice, ſcorn, and frown.
Thy ſaucie Power is ſo great,
That we like Slaves are become deſperate.

2.

Since brave *New-Caſtles* Dutcheſs thou haſt ſlain,
We baſer Mortals to complain
Think it a crime, dye we would rather all,
That ſo we might attend her Funeral,
VVait on her, when her Soul takes flight
Into the Manſions of Eternal Light.

3.

VVithin her Breaſt ſuch throngs of Virtues grew
That they their Priſon overthrew,
And being vex'd at this ſame ſottiſh Age
VVhere dull Impertinence ſo much does rage,
Their Fetters broke they upwards hie
In hopes to find there better company.

4.

She ſcorn'd thoſe trifles which her Sex adore,
VVhich they vain Fools do value more
Than inward worth, would not like them miſpend
That little time which God to her did lend.

It was her only buſineſs here
To dreſs her Soul, and make it fine appear.

5.

Her pow'rful reaſon aw'd enticing ſence,
Taught Rebel-thoughts Obedience.
VVhen ſtupid matter would unruly prove,
Inſtructed it, more calmly how to move.
External Pleaſures ſhe thought Sin,
Compar'd with thoſe Delights which dwell within.

6.

So vaſt a knowledge ne're was yet confin'd
Within one ſingle Womans Mind.
Her Fancy it was ſtrong, ſo great her VVit,
That nothing but her Judgement equal'd it:
When e're ſhe ſpoke the winged crew
Of pretty Notions ſtreight about her flew.

7.

What e're ſhe pleas'd with eaſe ſhe overcame,
Learning before her time was lame,
Nature was dreſs'd but ſlovenly till ſhe
Made it ſo ſpruce by her *Philoſophy*.
It heretofore in Tatters went,
Is grown Gentile now, and can Complement.

8.

Had ſhe but liv'd when blind Antiquity
Call'd what it pleas'd a Deity.
She would have quite engroſs'd the Worſhip Trade,
Jove and his Kindred had been Bankrupts made.
They muſt have Starv'd without Relief,
Pin'd to Mortality, and Dy'd with Grief.

9.

Rome where Divinity was ſold ſo cheap,
Who Temples built on ev'ry heap
Of dirt and rubbiſh, would have quickly ſent
It's Mungril-Gods all into Baniſhment.
Told them 'twas manners to give place
To one of a more noble Heav'nly Race.

10.

How well did Providence her real worth
Declare to th'World and ſet it forth,
When it in ties of Holy Wedlock joyn'd
The beſt of Men to th'beſt of Womankind.
And ſuffer'd fair *Lucaſia's* Charms
To vanquiſh and ſubdue the *God of Arms.*

11.

The mighty *Cavendiſh* could only prove
A Husband to the *Queen of Love,*
Heav'n would have had her ſooner, 'twas in ſtrife
Whether ſhe ſhould Dye firſt, or be his Wife.
At length reſign'd its right to ſhow
How much to his great merits it did owe.

12.

What Joy above at her arrival there?
The Angels crowd to welcome her.
And big with wonder all pay Reverence
Unto a Soul of ſo much Excellence,
A Soul ſo pure, ſo bright all o're,
That they the like had never ſeen before.

To the Duke.

YOur pardon, Sir, if ſtriving to expreſs
Perfections which in her were numberleſs,
I vainly mine own weakneſs do betray,
And ſhow how little fooliſh Rhithms can pay
To her vaſt Merits, which like th'Ocean ſtretch
And drown what e're dares come within their reach.
For if to tell of with due Praiſe her Fame,
And as I ought her Virtues to Proclaim:
She would have had me rightly underſtood
She muſt have been leſs *Worthy* and leſs *Good*.

On the Death of the moſt Illuſtrious Princeſs, the Lady Dutcheſs of NEW-CASTLE.

An EPITAPH.

SHe's Dead, and here ſhe lies; the vulgar cry:
Fools know not that great *Wits* can never dye.
She ſleeps; nay, that's too much: As well could ſhe
Admit of *Death*, as ſuch a *Lethargie*.
Yet ſay ſhe Sleep, her very Dreams outvie
All our Grave Lectures of *Philoſophy*.
Perhaps ſhe Reſts; 'tis time for her: but O!
What Fates attend her Reſt poor Mortals know.
Tir'd with this World's Impertinence, ſhe's come
For privacy to this Retiring-Room:
The place we call her Tombe, where ſhe doth lie,
But 'tis her Cloſet, our great Library.
Howe're, ſhe hath withdrawn her ſelf from hence,
And our Wits Freez, rob'd of her Influence.

Like

Like breathleſs Statues, here we ſtand all dumb,
Not one wiſe word to ſet upon her Tomb.
The brighteſt Sun blind Moles muſt never ſee;
So ſhe ſeems dead becauſe we ſenſeleſs be.
Her ſprightly Soul, ful of Æthereal Fires,
Up far above our *Regions* now aſpires,
To ſeek new Game, ſince all things here below
Grew ſtale, and nothing left ſhe did not know.
Her Phant'ſies heat had ſcortch't all Subjects, hurl'd
The Univerſe into the Blazing-World:
And having nought out of her ſelf do do,
She ſoon too active for her Body grew.
Spirits are not confin'd, out thence ſhe flaſhes,
And leav's her houſe conſum'd to theſe few aſhes.
Puff then broil'd *Chymiſt*, wrangle out thy Fire,
Th'*Elixyr's* fled: and till thou canſt inſpire
Theſe ſilent Aſhes with new Forme, reſtore
Us ſuch a *Phœnix* as we had before;
In ſpite of thy big words, we ſtanders by
Shall call thee fool, and thy fine Art a Lie.
Be gone thou ſilly Poet, and invoke
The *Deſtinies*, thy *Muſes* all are broke,
Cannot inſpire thee longer, but by ſtealth
Out of her Books the *Muſes Common-wealth*.
This Ladies learned Duſt which here doth lye
Hath drunk thy boaſted *Helicon* quite dry.
Bring, old and new *Philoſophers*, your Art,
Rip up Dame *Natures* Bowels, pierce her Heart.
Alas, all's now too late, here's nothing left,
Her early Induſtry hath you bereft
Of all her Jewels, and your Wits at once;
And bids you this new title wear, *Grave-Dunce*.
She could not elſe have gone to reſt ſo ſoon,
Who never paus'd before her work was done.

All

All Natures Treaſure in this Tomb doth lye,
If you would find it, Fools deſpair and dye.
Here lies that nobleſt Lady, whoſe great name
Hath choak'd the *Muſes*, and hath glutted *Fame*.
A Name! All Poetry is mute to hear it,
This hardeſt Marble here doth ſweat to bear it.
And did not yet the Sacred Aſhes live,
And better words to Stones, than Men have, give.
We could not know that here encloſed lies,
The wonder of admired Myſteries.
Arts, Sciences, *Muſes*, and *Graces* all
Compriſed in one Golden Manual.
If thou wouldſt know more of her, ſearch for it
Amongſt the many Wonders which ſhe writ.
If out of thoſe thou canſt not ſpell and frame
Th'illuſtrious Dutcheſs of *New-Caſtles* Name,
Thou haſt but one help left thee, in a word,
Conſult the *Living-Oracle*, her *Lord*.
'Tis Treaſon againſt Wit for any one
To ſpeak her name at length, but him alone:
Seeing in him, and him alone, we find
Whatever ſhe of Wit hath left behind.
And VVit this Lady-Wonder ſhall ſurvive
VVhilſt this great Prince of Honour is alive.
Yea, may He live, till we can weary grow
Of all that Nature in one piece can ſhow;
Wit might ſeem larger whil'ſt in Two it ſhone,
'Tis ſtronger now contracted into One.
VVhilſt by his Curteſy ſhe had ingroſ'd
So much, the honour of our Sex ſeem'd loſt:
Wit was *Hermaphrodite*, when One in Twain;
But now 'tis only *Maſculine* again.

Clement Ellis, Miniſter.

Tumulus Nobiliſſimæ, Illuſtriſſimæque Principis, *Margaretæ* Ducıſſæ *Novi-Caſtri.*

QVis Deus extremum poſſit prohibere dolorem,
Cùm Dea ſublimi tendit in Aſtra fugâ?
Pectore lacteolo condatur ferreus enſis,
Et non purpureo Sanguine tinctus erit?
Alta cadat Cedrus, *nemoroſæ gloria Sylvæ,*
Non tamen ad Cœlos diriget ora fragor?
Quid vetet, ut Sævi perculſus imagine fati
Non gemat, & nubes diſſipet uſque ſuas?
Lampade victrici dum transfert Fœmina morti,
(Fœmina, cui nomen non niſi gemma fuit,)
Unica, virtutum comitatus, vita, ſalúſque,
Graviter officiis conſuluiſſe ſuis.
Hoc fuit innuptæ decus, obſervâſſe parentes;
Uxoris, Domini non violâſſe torum.
Non dolus aut ferrum, mollis facundia, nec vis
Surripuit nuptam Conjugis è gremio.
Sed ſitiens mortis tēlum divortia fingit,
Et, quod non poterant cætera fata, facit.
Occidit illa, ſuis decus, omnibus altera Pallas,
Delitiæ Muſis, *Cœlitibúſque comes,*
Nunquid in æternum vivet poſt Funera Virtus?
Nunquid eruditi fama ſuperſtes erit?
Qui poterit vivæ tolli virtutis Imago?
Ardentem Pallas *non ſuperare rogum?*
Num febris calor inſanæ præcordia vellit?
Et Canis æſtivus viſcera cæca vorat?
Noſtrarum extinguet Lachrimarum copia morbum,
Mortis & immerget ſpicula ſæva dolor.
Frigida Sublimem repetunt Cruciamina Mentem:
Vitaleſque auræ deſeruêre focum?

En

En noſtri in tantam Dominam flagrantia Zeli
Scintillas reparat, Religióque fovet.
Certè igitur fatis nondum conceſſit iniquis
Fœmina, quæ nullo crimine tincta fuit.
Non ita jampridem divinitùs acta Creatrix
(Unius eſt ſummi, poſſe creare, Dei.)
Ex nihilo finxit diverſa volumina Cœli,
Mundum alium, ſtabiles fixit utrinque Polos.
Huic ſe tranſmiſit Solio, quia pulchrior illi
Virtutum eſt facies, formáque lucidior;
Quàm quæ vel lippis vulgus dignetur ocellis;
Aut noſtro immeritos præbeat Orbe dies:
Sic nimia Phœbus *nè vi perſtringeret Orbem,*
In Clymenis gremium nocte ſilente redit.
Huc ſe tranſmiſit, ne longa abſentia Mundum
Jam tum conſtructum verteret in cineres.
Iſtum dura Fames torqueret, crapula noſtrum,
Æquales ſi non tendat utrique manus.
Ne tantam invidiam pariat, quòd inhoſpita tecta
Linquat, pernici Pectore ſumma petens;
Hæc non contineat ſpatioſam anguſtia mentem,
Quæ velit influxum reddere utrique ſolo.
Indulſit noſtris ſua quæque Volumina terris,
Nunc alios Orbes hiſce beare cupit.
Utque ſciant omnes, quantùm ſciat omnia, ſeſe
Tranſtulit, expreſſam Numinis effigiem.

ANDERTON.

In

In Illuſtriſſimam Dominam *Margaretam, Novi-Caſtri* Duciſſam,

EPITAPHIUM.

SIſte Pauliſper gradum, Viator,
Non longùm moreris erit neceſſe:
Legenti licet currere,
Currenti licet legere,
Utrique intelligere,
Quòd hic ſita eſt
Lectiſſima Fœmina,
Domina Margareta,
Neo-Caſtrenſis *Duciſſa.*
Nobilitate verè Aulicâ,
Eruditione verè Academica,
Pietate verè Cœlicâ,
Prædita & dotata.
Animo virili, ſuper ſexum,
Sapientiâ ſenili ſupra ætatem,
Ingenio entheo, ſupra ſortem,
Afflata & imbuta.
Quam licèt ex hoc noſtro diſcas Vixiſſe,
In ſuis tamen ſcriptis ediſces Vivere,
Scilicet in Vitâ quam ſcripſit, Mariti,
Suam quoque perpetuare.
Quam licèt Bona Opera,
Moralia, Evangelica,
Ad arces Cœlorum avolantem ſecuta ſint.
Literata tamen
Philoſophica, Hiſtorica, Poëtica,
In Terris ſpirantem & commorantem referunt,
Servabuntque ſuperſtitem.
Fuit
Florentiſſimi Mariti, Uxor Splendidiſſima,

Bel-

Bellicoſi viri, Doctiſſima Matrona,
Armati Ducis, Togata Duciſſa,
Quam ſi habuiſſet Socrates *Uxorem,*
Plato *ejus Philoſophiam, non literis mandâſſet.*
Quæ ſi habuiſſet Cæſarem *Maritum,*
Ille non ſua Geſta ſuâ manû ſcripſiſſet.
Illa ipſa { Socratis *Dicta* / Cæſaris *Facta* / *Fidelitèr, Feliciter,* } *Enarrâſſet.*
Qualem ſi Martialis *mordax ſperaviſſet ſibi,*
Nunquam non Doctiſſimam Conjugem optâſſet.
Quam modò, Hiſtorias omnes callentem,
Curtúmque torquere Enthymema *potentem,*
Rebúſque honeſtis Finem Ultimum imponentem,
Cúmque Homero Maronem *comparantem.*
Utrumque imitantem,
Vidiſſet Satyricus, non frontem corrugâſſet,
Non intollerabilem Uxorem,
Sed Raram in Terris Avem, dixiſſet.
Vitam { *In Aulâ Regiâ, Honoratam,* / *In* Minervæ *Caſtris, Eruditam,* / *In Eccleſiâ Dei, devotam,* / *Domi, Contemplativam,* / *Foris, Activam,* / *Piè, Placidè, Pacatè* } *Egit.*
Mortem { *Mortali natæ, Expectatam,* / *Philoſophiæ deditæ, non formidatam,* / *Ad Chriſtianam ſpem vocatæ, exoptatâ,* / *Lætè, Tranquillè, Beatè,* } *Obiit.*
Quâ tranſlata eſt
A meditatione purâ, ad Perfectam Viſionem,
A creaturis contemplandis ad intuendum Creatorem,
A Poëtarum camœnis, ad Angelorum Hymnos,
Ab Aulâ Terrenâ, ad Curiam Cœleſtem.

Libros Suos, ſobolem Suam, ad utramque Academiam
Miſit, at ad dandam non capiendam doctrinam.
Quibus Bibliothecas publicas ditavit,
Quæ Ipſa Bibliotheca Animata fuit.
Opera illius fuere ſuum pretium,
Labores illius ſuum præmium.
Dedit, ut Herodotus *unum Librum,*
Singulis Muſarum *unum volumen.*
Quæ cùm ſunt ingreſſa Bibliothecam Joannenſem,
(Solam nobis ex officio memorandam Bibliothecam)
Quàm denſum obviam vênit agmen ſalutantium!
Quæ cùm ſua ibidem ſubſellia petebant,
Quàm grande fuit certamen locum cedentium
Vitam Conjugis, quam ſcripſit, ad ſuas Parallelas
Appoſuit Plutarchus, *& locum apparavit.*
Philoſophia, quam ſcripſit, ſe Veteribus adjungi
Modeſtè non dignata, ad Recentiores conceſſit.
Poëtas omnes ſingulóſque unicè dilexit,
Omnéſque ſingulóſque ſuo ordine viſitavit.
Indigna eſt loco iſti catenâ alligari,
Ad quem ſibi adeò liberè acceſſum rogavit.
Anima Ejus regnat in Choro Beatorum,
Corpus (vides) jacet hîc in Choro Poëtarum.
Illa Ipſa,
Ut in Annulo gemma, utrobique refulget.
At Tu, quiſquis es, Viator,
Orandus es Lachrymulis
Tuis, pro merito, novum
Heliconis *hîc Rivum dare,*
Ubi Muſis *jam fecerunt novum*
Tot Poëtarum tumuli Parnaſſum.

Tho. Brown,
Coll. Joan. Cantab.

FINIS.